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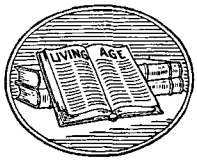

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THE LIVING AGE
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EGYPT IN UPHEAVAL

For the moment, the situation in Egypt is steadily improving. Strikes continue, and are even increasing, but disorderly demonstrations and acts of violence are now practically confined to the provinces, where they are always less dangerous than in the big Delta towns. In Alexandria, particularly, the numerous Levantine population are apt to take to their houses on such occasions and fire revolvers indiscriminately at native demonstrators in the streets, with results that can easily be imagined. The return of General Allenby, armed with full authority for dealing with the situation, should also have a good effect. As the conqueror of the Turks, his prestige in the Near East — where prestige means so much — stands higher, probably, than that of any other living man, and it is, to say the least of it, unfortunate that he should have been called away to Paris just as the troubles in Egypt had begun.

From the military point of view, Egypt is a country singularly easy to deal with, once an entrance has been effected. In the many invasions and civil wars that it has endured since the days of the Pharaohs, the fate of the country has nearly always been settled in one battle, fought in the broad, flat Nile Delta, stretching northeast and northwest from Cairo. A beaten enemy or fugitive rebel cannot live in the desert; his one line of retreat is up the Nile valley south of Cairo, a narrow, cultivated strip, where a 'drive' can easily be organized. The only possible outlet is the Sudan, which is unaffected by the present disorders, and seems likely to remain so.

It would be absurd to suppose that General Allenby, with the ample forces at his disposal, is not capable of restoring order in a country so situated, within the next few weeks. His only difficulty will be with the Bedouin, who appear to be making themselves a considerable nuisance in the Beherah and adjoining districts. They are disliked and feared by the fellaheen, and have never displayed the slightest sympathy with the aspirations of the Egyptian Nationalist Party. The western desert campaign of 1915-16 showed that they are not to be taken seriously as a military factor.

There is, therefore, no cause for uneasiness about Egypt from the military point of view. We are firmly established there, and the inhabitants could not eject us if they wanted to — which the great majority of them do

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not. But it is the more incumbent upon us to see that our trust is not abused. For over thirty years no disturbances of such magnitude as those of recent days have taken place in Egypt; they are the first serious trouble of the sort since the beginning of the British occupation. What is the cause of them? The theory of the Egyptian Government (expressed through various 'inspired' correspondents of the London press) appears to be that the whole thing has been organized by a comparatively small group of Cairo Nationalists, described as 'a clique rather than a party.' But it is difficult to accept this as a satisfactory explanation. There has been a Nationalist Party in Egypt ever since the days of Lord Cromer, who always refused to suppress it — a frankly anti-British, pro-Turkish party that would have been only too glad to raise the populace against us if it could. The founder and leader of the party, the late Mustapha Pasha Kamel, was better equipped for the rôle of popular leader than any of those at the head of the present movement; and he openly advocated violence in the columns of his widely read newspaper, the *Lewa*, which the authorities (in contrast to their present policy) allowed to circulate freely in the towns and villages. But the unwarlike fellah steadily refused to risk his skin. No doubt there is a good deal of organization behind the present movement; but Mustapha Kamel was always credited with having his organization ready (and he had a remarkable gift for organization), yet he never succeeded in provoking a single serious disturbance. The leaders of the present movement, who call themselves the Egyptian Independence Committee, declared to General Watson recently that matters had got entirely beyond their control, that they themselves were alarmed at the proportions which the agitation had assumed, that they would do what they could, but feared they were powerless to stop it, and they asked for their own protection that they might be ordered to leave Cairo and return to their villages. The General apparently believed them, since he did not order their arrest. In short, it seems idle to deny that we are faced with a popular movement of such dimensions that it cannot be held to be dependent upon any organization set up by the clique of Cairo Nationalists.

Another point to notice is that this is not an anti-British movement, in the sense of wishing to see some other power in Egypt, in place of ourselves. Reuter's correspondent reports that the Turkish flag has been set up in some of the villages of the Delta; but the Turkish flag is almost identical with the Egyptian flag, both showing the white star and crescent upon a red ground, which is the symbol recognized by Mahometans all over the Near East. Furthermore, the Egyptian flag (three stars and crescents instead of one) was only recognized after the beginning of the war, when the Ottoman suzerainty was abolished, and it is probable that it would be impossible to buy it anywhere except in the large towns. Clearly, if the Egyptians had been anxious to eject us from Egypt in favor of the Turks, they would have started their present agitation in 1915, when the Turkish army was on the banks of the Suez Canal. Not a fellah moved then, and Egyptian gunners earned special praise for their share in the defense of the Canal.

To some extent, no doubt, this movement is a movement in favor of home rule, or an autonomy such as was enjoyed under the old Khedives. It is not to be supposed that the setting up as independent nations of the Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Esthon-

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ians, Ukrainians, and Lithuanians — not to mention the neighboring Hedjaz Arabs — would be viewed without a certain amount of irritation by the Cairo Effendi, educated in a government school and, in many cases, at an English University. But it is difficult to believe that the fellaheen — ninety per cent of whom are unable to read or write — can take much interest in this side of the question. Even bakshish has hitherto proved an insufficient spur to drive them to the polling booths in the elections to the Legislative Assembly; and one does not quite see why the activities of the Peace Conference, of which most of them have probably never heard, should have aroused a sudden interest in politics where even the eloquence of Mustapha Kamel failed. It is noticeable, moreover, that two Coptic Christians are members of the Committee and that the Copts generally appear to have displayed some sympathy with the movement, at any rate in its earlier stages. Our information on this point is vague, but it is quite certain that the Copts would have nothing to do with an agitation which had for its object the setting up in Egypt of a native government independent of British control. And this participation of the Copts may be set against the view, lately expressed in the *Times*, that the Egyptian disturbances 'have unquestionably some connection with that spirit of unrest which is rapidly deepening throughout the Islamic world.' No one has better cause than the Near Eastern Christians to dread the deepening of such a spirit.

On the whole, therefore, it would appear that the movement is only secondarily a movement in favor of autonomy. Primarily it is without any doubt a protest against the deportation of the four members of the Independence Committee to Malta. An appeal to the public on such grounds would carry great weight in the East, where personalities count for much, though political theories count for little. Saad Pasha Zaghloul, the leader of the four, is an ex-Minister, and a Nationalist of so moderate a type that he was singled out for special praise by Lord Cromer in his last report, and also earned the commendation of two successive British agents after Lord Cromer's departure. On the other hand, he is now out of office, and personal pique has no doubt had a good deal to do with his opposition to the government during recent years. But he has never been associated with anything that could be called sedition, and he probably shares in Malta the alarm of his colleagues in Cairo at the results of his agitation and banishment.

As these four Egyptians have unquestionably done us far more harm by their absence than they could ever have done if we had left them in Egypt, it is important to realize exactly why they were deported. It will be remembered that the Anglophil Prime Minister, Rushdi Pasha, asked permission to visit London last February, accompanied by one of his colleagues and the Nationalist leaders who desired to place before the British Government certain proposals for the extension of self-government to Egypt, which were presumably not supported by the Minister himself and which, if we may judge from the published summaries, would certainly have been rejected by the Foreign Office. The British Government declined at first to receive the deputation, but afterwards explained that it would be glad to receive the Ministers alone. This offer was refused, the Ministers resigned, and the Nationalists proceeded to obstruct the formation of a new Ministry, to attempt to

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intimidate the Sultan, and to start an agitation in the country. These are the grounds given for their deportation to Malta, which followed shortly. It is difficult to see what harm the projected visit could have done, and it is still more difficult to acquit the Foreign Office of the charge of tactlessness in its handling of the matter.

In these circumstances what is to be done? It is possible that the Foreign Office might be willing to receive some other Nationalists in London now, but it is to be feared that Egypt will be satisfied with nothing less than the release of the four deportees. On the whole, we are inclined to think that that will be the wisest and fairest course to follow. The present agitation in Egypt is, primarily, an agitation for the removal of a definite grievance; when the grievance is removed the agitation will cease. It will not be the first time that the British Government has reversed decisions arrived at by the Egyptian Government. The release of the Denishwai prisoners was not followed by any of the disastrous consequences so freely foretold at the time, and few people will be found to doubt its wisdom now.

It has been suggested that the Government should appoint a Commission to inquire into the Egyptian situation generally, and this agitation in particular. One of the first tasks of such a Commission should be to consider whether the time has not come when, as Mr. Ormsby Gore urged in the House of Commons recently, Egyptian affairs should be transferred from the supervision of the Foreign Office to that of the Colonial Office. A more liberal spirit is needed in Egypt. People in England are only dimly aware of the lengths to which the press censorship, for instance, has been carried in Egypt during recent years. Egyptians get less news about their own affairs than we do in England; no Egyptian correspondents were present at the Sinai or western desert campaigns. In this way political agitation is driven underground; bazaar gossip takes the place of news. Judging from the results now before us, Lord Cromer's method appears to have been the better one.

The New Statesman

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FIGHTING THE BOLSHEVIKI

BY SIGNOR ARNALDO APOLLA

THERE are at present three forces working against the Bolsheviki. One is the British Expeditionary Force, which has crossed the Caucasus, has gone by rail and water transport from Baku to Petroff, and is moving north in the direction of Astrakhan. The second is the army of General Denikin, composed of about 50,000 Russian soldiers and 30,000 officers of the ex-Imperial Russian army. General Denikin's army is a peculiar mixture, therefore, of officers and privates, and one of the strangest productions in the midst of the Russian confusion. General Denikin has his headquarters at Ekaterinodar, and has also expelled the Bolsheviki from the north of the Caucasus and is moving likewise in the direction of Astrakhan. The third force is the Franco-Greek Expeditionary Force landed at Odessa. While the British expedition and the army of General Denikin have had considerable success and moved something like 300 miles northward, occupying a very large region, from which the Bolsheviki have been expelled, and have come into touch also with the Cossacks of the Don, the French Expeditionary Force has had extraordinary difficulties from the very beginning. These difficulties are owing in part to the fact that France had hesitated to recognize the Ukrainian Republic, and when it sent its expedition, composed of troops taken from Salonica, it was with the intention of combating the Bolsheviki, with the aim of reuniting all Russia — in a word, the French forces were to fight for Great Russia, not for its separate parts. The Ukrainians, naturally took offense, and the result was that the French expedition has been obliged to fight against both the Ukrainians and the Bolsheviki, and has obtained no assistance whatever from the moment of landing. It tried at first to get into touch with the Rumanian army, but this effort likewise failed, and its operations have been strictly limited to the occupation of the city of Odessa and the immediate neighborhood. The impression even is that if the Bolsheviki would make a serious attack upon the French expedition at Odessa they could easily wipe them out; but it has been learned that Lenine and Trotzky purposely abstain from a direct attack against the French, because they always have an idea that it is best not to offend the Entente too much, and continue to entertain the hope that some day or other their government will be recognized.

Bolshevik Plan

Meanwhile, they have concentrated all their efforts against the danger presented by the advance of General Denikin's army in Astrakhan, and also the danger of his coming to an understanding with the Cossacks of the Don. The defeat of the Bolsheviki in the Caucasus in the month of January, when General Denikin and the British Expeditionary Force practically destroyed their whole army, far from creating any panic in Moscow, rather encouraged Lenine to organize a new army for the special purpose of throwing it immediately against the Cossacks

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of the Don and preventing them from joining the cause of General Denikin, and also preventing the ultimate possibility of a junction with the army of Admiral Kolchak, whose headquarters are at Omsk. The plan of the Bolsheviki is a very ingenious one, in fact very astute, and proves that the generals of the old régime whom they have been able to press into their service are doing their duty seriously. They are, of course, acting under the terrible alternative of being mercilessly court-martialed and shot, together with their families. The Bolshevik method of obtaining the services of the former leading officers of the Imperial Army is very drastic. The generals are put in command, their families are taken as hostages, and the slightest mistake or hesitation on the part of the general in carrying out the orders of the Bolshevik Commissioners who accompany him and watch every step, is followed by the execution of the general and the execution of all the members of his family. The officers of inferior rank receive 3,000 rubles a month as wages and an advance of four months' pay, and the Bolshevik State, moreover, undertakes the charge of keeping their families. The various volunteer armies, such as those of General Denikin, of Admiral Kolchak, and also the Cossacks of the Don, lack, on the contrary, all pecuniary funds and have to appeal simply to the patriotism of their officers and men. The Bolshevik army, on the contrary, by its exactions, always seems able to have plenty of money. The Red Guards have pressed into their service all the superior officers who formerly composed the General Staff. Thus the conqueror of Kieff is General Gutor, who during the Russian war commanded the Southwestern front, and is one of the best Russian generals. General Vilieka, who made his fame as commander of the best engineering corps in the army of the Tsar, is in command of the Bolshevik troops at Moscow. The situation, therefore, is extremely paradoxical. Men of this stamp, who hate the Bolsheviki and everything their State implies, nevertheless, devote all their energy and genius to support it by making their army the most effective in Russia. Trotzky himself has explained the submission and obedience which he has obtained from the Tsar's own officers by saying: 'I make them do their duty with the Bolshevik revolver behind their ears.' It is well known throughout the army that the slightest discomfiture of the soviet troops is followed by the execution of the responsible officers.

The Bolshevik army, which has been organized to fight against the Cossacks of the Don, is so strong and disciplined at present that there is great danger of the Cossacks being defeated, especially as they lack discipline and cohesion. The little patriotic army of the Crimea, which has been protecting the coal fields and the coast on the Sea of Azoff, is threatened with the same danger; in fact, all hope is already given up of saving the great centres of Berdiansk, Mariapol, and the coal imports of the Sea of Azoff. General Denikin, seeing the danger with which the Cossacks of the Don are threatened, and being unable to send them reinforcements, went in person from Ekaterinodar to Rostoff and Novoscircaski to confer with the Cossacks, and revive their courage. In a speech which he made to them at Rostoff, he promised them the whole-hearted support of the volunteer army which he commands, and all the possible aid from the Allies. He added: 'If the Allies have not yet sent assistance to you, it must be for reasons which we cannot at present discuss. But I promise you that the first Allied

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troops which arrive in Russia will be sent to help the Cossacks of the Don.' As is seen from this speech, the well-intentioned General Denikin has not been able to give them a formal promise that assistance will be sent by the Allies.

Tragedy and Comedy

Discontent is general in Odessa for innumerable reasons: the high price of provisions, the lack of coal, wood, petroleum, the lack of a proper police service, which allows criminal bands to loot and sack as they please, attack people by day or night, rob, plunder, and murder with perfect impunity. Tragedy and comedy alternate in this poor strip of Russia still saved from Bolshevism. The Bolsheviki are even amused at the situation, of which they are thoroughly informed, and they make no attack for the reason above said, that they do not wish to go to extremes against the Entente. News reaches Odessa of the conflict between the Bolsheviki and their antagonists in the North on the borders of Finland. They are being beaten by the Esthonians, who seem to have been helped by some contingents from the Allies, and it is said that British influence has also made itself felt in that direction; but, on the contrary, nearly the whole of Lithuania is said to be in the hands of the sovietist troops, which, it is declared, amount in that region alone to about 300,000 men, and that with this army they were recently threatening to invade Germany.

The Bolsheviki, as clearly appears from this, hold a rather advantageous position — that of interior lines, being able to carry their forces first in one direction, then in another, as they please, and they also enjoy the advantage of a single, central command. The forces opposed to them, on the contrary, are extremely divided and enjoy no single command; every army acts on its own account, and it is, in fact, compelled to do so, because there is no direct communication between them. They lack, also, political cohesion, as the armies of the various commanders like Denikin and Kolchak, and the commanders of the Caucasus, have no specific programme for the reconstitution of Russia. They do not solve the land question, which is one of the most fundamental, and might make their army popular among the soviets. In Ukraina the Bolshevik forces received an unexpected increase by the addition of the whole Ukrainian army which passed over to them.

False Ideas

This phenomenon is an interesting one, because it gives us an idea of the many false notions which prevail in Europe. Nearly all the ideas prevalent in Europe are false and based on misconceptions of the situation. The French, when they landed in Southern Russia, imagined, as did nearly everybody in Europe at the time, that their principal task would be to arouse the patriotism of the Russians and solidly unite them against the Bolsheviki. Their hopes completely failed. Nobody in Russia cared for the reconstitution of Russia, with the exception of a few thousand young students and idealists who offered to fight and die for the cause of Russia. The vast majority of the better classes and of the old aristocracy will not raise a finger to save their country. It is enough to watch their conduct when one comes across them in Odessa, or in Kieff, or Moscow, to be convinced of this fact. The one idea uppermost in their minds is simply to escape from the Bolsheviki, but there is no idea of turning back to fight them; when they have escaped they appeal to the Allies, to anybody and everybody to come and fight for them, but

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will not make the slightest sacrifice or effort to do so themselves. A sort of fatalism hangs over them like a nightmare, paralyzing all their energies. It is even discouraging to see them engaged in all sorts of amusements, spending, perhaps, the last ruble in their possession in enjoying themselves whenever opportunity offers.

The other day the professors and the ex-students of the University of Petrograd, who have all taken refuge at Odessa, joined in a big banquet to celebrate the second centenary of their university. They sat down to dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon, and they were dining still at midnight. I telephoned to one of them at one in the morning, to ask how far they had got. He replied in a shaky voice, using most affectionate terms of brotherly love, that they would have been so delighted to see me. 'But,' I asked, 'what about your country — Russia?' 'Oh, we have not forgotten it,' he said; 'we are sure that some day it will arise again.'

I have seen the Russian officers still wearing the uniforms of the old régime. Much is to be learned from this fact alone of their psychology. The success of General Denikin's forces in the Caucasus has almost upset their minds, and made them arrogant toward their men. They presume to treat them again as slaves, which was one of the principal reasons, in fact, of the revolution. They think they have come back all of a sudden to the days when they could box the ears of a soldier, kick him with impunity, and see him turn and salute them and thank them for having punished him. The most absorbing question debated by them at present is not the re-conquest of Russia, but whether they should wear epaulettes or not, as they did in the old régime. Factions have been formed. One is for the epaulettes and the other is against the epaulettes. They make appeals to General Denikin to issue an order to abolish them, and contrary factions send letters begging him to retain them as the only symbol of Russian greatness. Poor officers! Thus a question which at most is one of simple military regulation becomes with them a constitutional and national programme. They do not realize that these outward symbols are the very things which made them hated and detested by the great majority of Russiâns. Ekaterinodar, the seat of General Denikin's headquarters, is a veritable babel. The 90 generals and the 1,100 colonels, and the 30,000 officers of other rank are all talking epaulettes. Many of them claim distinctions and rank to which they evidently have no right, but everything is accorded them. The trouble is that nobody in that army wants to be a private, all want to be officers. Naturally, the 50,000 real soldiers in the army begin to show their discontent.

Wealth and Squalor

Social life in Odessa is a curious mixture of wealth and squalor. Every house is a little Court, but a ruined one, dilapidated, with numerous servants, chambermaids, and waiters, who have remained faithful to their masters and who have landed here like wrecks of the revolution, but still maintaining all the old etiquette and ceremony. There are princes and princesses of every description; they receive their visitors in a badly furnished bed room, where the bed has to serve as a sofa, tea table, and anything you like; the bed room is all they have — it is their drawing room, their kitchen, and their dining room. Still, here they receive their friends, and keep up all the pretense of official receptions. The European who comes there at once finds himself in a peculiar atmosphere; it reminds Signor Cipolla of the days

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when an Italian landed in London or Paris at the beginning of the war, before Italy had joined the Allies: the question which was asked of him morning, noon, and night was whether Italy would or would not join. So everybody in Odessa asks the European whether the Entente is going to send troops or not, whether the Allies are going to reëstablish order in Russia or not, when the troops are coming, when the Conference of Paris will decide, etc. If you try to explain to them that to send armies to Russia to reconstitute its vast empire is not such as easy thing as they imagine, they ask innocently whether it is not perhaps the fault of the Bolsheviki, who have triumphed in the countries of the Entente. The Russian upper classes have not the slightest idea of what is meant by the occupation of the seacoast towns on the part of the Entente, and the huge effort it would require to carry the war into the interior, and the impossibility also of doing so without the consent of the Conference at Paris.

The Russians joyfully assumed that the armistice with Turkey meant the immediate preparation of war against the Bolsheviki on the part of the Entente. All the armies in Palestine, Mesopotamia, and elsewhere were to be shipped at once to Russia and restore order, and they cannot understand why this was not done. It is true that the Entente committed a great mistake in obliging the Germans and Austrians to withdraw from Ukraina. The very contrary should have been done — the German army of occupation, which amounted to about 500,000 men should have been obliged to remain in Ukraina to maintain order and to keep the Bolsheviki away from Kieff and Bessarabia. Once the mistake was made the Bolsheviki had an easy triumph; they occupied Kieff, they came to the vicinity of the Sea of Azoff, they could invade the region of the Cossacks of the Don when they liked, and they have incorporated the whole of Ukraina and its army.

In my opinion the following three solutions might be found to create order again in the Russian chaos: First, intervention on the part of the Entente, but with an imposing force consisting of armies of all the Entente nations; secondly, if the above intervention is abandoned, to cut the Gordian knot by officially recognizing the Bolshevik Government; the third alternative is — or, rather, would have been four months ago — to compel the Germans to make order in Russia. To my mind neither the first nor the third solution is any longer possible, and only, therefore, the second one remains. My reasons for this opinion are that it is impossible to count upon the constitution of the new Russian army, and without the constitution of the Russian army even the biggest expeditionary force on the part of the Entente would be hopeless. The army of Admiral Kolchak, with its centre at Omsk, is too far away. The army of General Denikin has a grave defect in its very origin; it is a Tsarist army, composed of a motley troop of officers and men, who may have had local success in the Caucasus, but who are incapable of undertaking a larger task.

What is General Denikin to do with an army of 30,000 officers to command 50,000 privates? The officers all, of course, want to command, nobody wants to serve as a private; moreover, it is doubtful also whether General Denikin and Admiral Kolchak will ever agree upon any political programme; it is a fatal characteristic, in fact, of all the Russian leaders that each separately wants to be the great regenerator of his country, and strongly detests or

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disapproves his opponents. The Bolsheviki naturally take advantage of these divisions. The dispute even extends to their wives. Here in Odessa we have had the faction of Madame Denikin, who was pitted against the faction headed by the wife of another general, who at one time commanded the Cossacks of the Don. The Cossacks of the Don made General Denikin an honorary Cossack, and Madame Denikin thereupon suppressed her rival with the methods used in the days of Rasputin.

Criminal Madmen

On the other hand, the recognition of the Bolshevik State seems an absurdity, if only for this reason, that their wholesale murders and massacres have been such as to class them as the greatest outlaws of history. One may admit some of their other theories, such as the abolition of landed property, but not the wholesale murder, exceeding even the savagery of Chinese Boxers, of thousands and tens of thousands of entire families, mothers, wives, children, old and young; the slaughters perpetrated by them are perfectly astounding, no tyranny has ever been so cruel as theirs. Marat and Robespierre are angels in comparison. The Bolsheviki are criminal madmen of mediocre intelligence, but of the most brutal instincts. I have known some of their leaders, a mediocre journalist, Vuritzki, for instance, who before the revolution was never able to earn a decent living in his own profession, and who since has become the dictator and leader of the whole Bolshevik press. The working classes in European countries have not the slightest idea of the wretched situation to which the Russian working classes and peasants are reduced. The Bolsheviki can invent the most absurd stories and are believed. One of the stories, for instance, circulated by them is that the French have invented a machine for making people blind at a distance; the ignorant Russian masses believe it. The absurd story was utilized by Bolshevik leaders afterwards when they placed blue lanterns in front of their motor-cars, which were supposed to make people blind who stood in the way. The most extraordinary stories are believed by the Russian aristocracy. Thus one lady who once held a high position in the Court of the Tsaritsa assured me that nobody in Odessa believed that the Tsar and his family had been murdered; in fact, the Emperor's mother, Maria Feodorovna, who is living at Yalta, in the Crimea, is alleged as proof, simply because she has refused to allow a funeral service to be celebrated.

One of the Princesses here is typical of many of her class. She goes about with a coronet of jewels worth more than 1,000,000 rubles, seems perfectly indifferent to the loss of her vast estates and fortune, and amuses herself with the rest of her class here, in frivolous pastimes. Another is divorced from her husband, who is drinking himself to death; she has married a second time a brilliant officer in the new volunteer army, and is seen at every party. Another Princess succeeded in reaching this town with her jewels and nothing else; her mother has been killed by the Bolsheviki, her sons have been scattered, she does not know where, and she is seen at every banquet. Another, who has long ago been divorced and married again, has lost all the children of her first marriage, and is to be seen going around with four of the second marriage, and the latest, a little baby, in her arms. She was once a lady attendant of the Empress, and seems to have not the slightest idea of the depth to which she has fallen.

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There are people here who seem to have no longer a proper notion of the past and the present, of what they have lost or of what they can recover. French ladies avoid them as a pest; the wives of English and other Europeans flee from them. Some of the refugees are of Kirghiz origin, and seem, in fact, to be without country, without caste, without a tie of any kind. They have not a word against Bolshevism, although it has made them paupers, but they try to find a defense for it, an explanation, and sometimes even an excuse.

I have tried to give a true picture of what I have seen here, and I am sorry to say that in my own mind I cannot see how order can be produced out of this chaos.

Gazzetta del Popolo

A LETTER FROM RUMANIA

DEAR MOTHER:

I must tell you our experience in Bucharest after the German army of occupation left the city. I will tell you all I can remember, although we were not able to take our diaries or notebooks with us, because we feared the ignorance of the Rumanians might lead them to suspect these harmless memoranda of containing plots against the government. So I am obliged to write merely from memory. The German troops left Bucharest on November 11th. We did not dare to join this disorderly procession with our children, so I had the forethought to provide ourselves with an abundant supply of food from the commissary at the fortress. I had a proper certificate and was able to buy marvelous things at ridiculous prices. When we approached the provisions office, for a well-known German lady had joined me, we found it surrounded by a mob of several thousand men, women, and children of every age and every class. They were already beginning to plunder. Our horses made their way with difficulty through the crowd. We showed our certificates and were permitted to enter by the soldiers on guard. Hardly had we reached the interior when we heard firing outside — first isolated shots, then regular volleys, joined at last by the tack, tack of a machine gun. Someone in the crowd had shot at the soldiers on guard and the German soldiers were forced to defend themselves. I was terrified. I knew that the mob would lynch me if I tried to leave the office with any provisions. I sent a prayer to heaven, seized my friend by the arm, left all the cocoa, rice, honey, and flour and other things that went with them in the possession of the surprised soldier, mounted my vehicle and hurried out. My presentiments were justified. We were hardly in the street before we were surrounded by a shouting, insulting crowd. Our sacks were turned inside out, our baskets and boxes were uncovered and we had to shout again and again that we had got nothing, but that they could buy what they wanted for money. That was true. Goods were sold to anyone who presented himself, but the people there did not want to buy. They wanted to rob, plunder, steal, and destroy. Shots

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were being fired right and left. I closed my eyes, expecting to be struck every minute. However, by some miracle we escaped. The horses were excited by the shooting and noise and speedily got us out of the scene of disturbance.

It immediately dawned upon me that we could not stay in our house among the Rumanians any longer. The hatred of us Germans was beyond description, so we packed up our trunks and took our children with us to the German school. Late that night when I got there and sank back exhausted on my bed I wept tears of gratitude. But I could not sleep, for shots were heard all night. Machine guns were rattling and heavy artillery was firing. The whole heavens was a sea of flames. The mobs had set fire to all the military depots. Many of their own numbers were burned in the conflagration, like flies captured in a jam jar, because they remained too long in their avarice for plunder. Sacks of flour were cut and the contents strewn about. They played football with loaves of bread. Great casks of wine were broken and the people bathed themselves in the contents. Many large stores were sacked. The show windows were broken. With mad shouts people threw enameled ware, cups and saucers and kettles at each others' heads. Some were killed and wounded in this disorderly tumult, but that merely added to the excitement. The people had simply gone mad with rejoicing.

The better elements were cursing the Germans for leaving the very next day after their departure. The disorder continued for a considerable period and the French and the regular Rumanian army so eagerly longed for did not reach the city. Food fell rapidly in price. For instance, fat could be bought for 20 lei a kilo, while it had been 30 lei in the days of the Germans; sugar fell from 25 to 12 lei a kilo. The mob gradually calmed down as it became satiated with food. They believed that it was all due to the fact that the 'blood suckers' had left and that now they would have everything they wanted. But these good times did n't last very long. After a few days the policy of despair prevailed. All hatred was concentrated upon the Germans who had left and people assumed as a matter of course that a golden age would begin with the new Rumanian government. This kept the mob reasonably within hand until the soldiers arrived and force could be employed to maintain order.

During the first few days nothing was done to the Germans who remained behind because they were old residents of Rumania. We began to feel quite safe and assumed that foreigners would not be interned. The armistice had already been signed. Suddenly one day all the men were interned. The rumor was to be sure that only the men who had been employed by the military government or had belonged to the army of occupation were to be taken. A committee came to the German school to investigate the teachers. Albert and some other gentlemen, who could not be proved ever to have been in the army, were to be left free. We were very happy at this. However, they were required to get a certificate from the police office to move about the city freely. They did this in their conscientious German way and it proved a foolish act. The commandant of prisoners, Colonel Racianu, endeavored to let these four gentlemen remain at liberty but said they must get a certain identification card. He assumed that they understood Rumanian well enough to avoid doing it and would go back home and present

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themselves in public as little as possible, but we Germans had not learned Rumanian ways so well as the colonel thought. Albert went with his other colleagues to the police office. He didn't come back. We had anxious hours of waiting. I knew, of course, beforehand, that a person should not go to the police office, and yet I was about to commit the folly of going in spite of it in order to ask about Albert. He had neither money nor food nor extra clothing with him. However, my maid would not permit me to go but made the inquiry herself. She was a Rumanian woman and could do so more safely. She came back with the report that Albert was in the prison camp at Saint Freres. Albert with great difficulty succeeded in being transferred to the hall of the secondary school, where all the members of the faculty were interned. The night at Saint Freres, where the men had to sleep on a damp cement pavement without any blankets and without any food was a great hardship. We practically remained in concealment while Albert was at the secondary school but we were not left at peace very long. The women were likewise to be interned, providing they had been employed by the German military administration. That was very bad for me. What would happen to the children? The only way of escaping being interned was to have the grippe. I immediately became seriously ill with the disease. I did really have a cold, and could cough at will, therefore, I summoned a Rumanian physician. He examined me conscientiously, found that my lungs were in perfectly good condition, but signed a certificate to the effect that I was seriously ill with the grippe and that my lungs showed suspicious indications. The certificate cost me 100 lei but what were 100 lei to me when I thought of the danger and what might happen to the children? I remained in bed for a long time pretending to be seriously ill. The certificate lay on the table at the head of the bed with a few paper bills by the side. If they came to take me by force, the officers were to understand from the money my readiness to show gratitude if they did not disturb me. In order to have some visible sign of my illness I made a bandage for my head, but since my head did not really ache, it was very burdensome and I merely kept it in readiness. One big party of interned women had been taken to the border and there left to their fate. Others were interned for some ten days in hotels of very questionable reputation. The poorest were released, according to some, at the intervention of the American ambassador; according to others, at the instance of the Swiss. They got out of the hotels in a distressful condition after some ten days' detention. Many came down with spotted fever as a result. No one paid any attention to me. Gradually I began to show myself on the streets but I never went out without taking considerable money and some bread and bacon with me. I was always accompanied by my children, for the Rumanians are fond of children and appreciate the sentiment. They never insulted me when my two pretty little girls were with me. Quite the contrary, we were often addressed kindly when we took a promenade in the city park.

The day approached for the entrance of the royal family. Arches of triumph were erected. The newspapers were filled with patriotic poems in honor of the beautiful queen and the valiant Rumanian army and for the wise and sagacious Bratianu. The people were tense with excitement and joy. Everyone joined in a career of self-deception, deceiving himself and deceiving the masses. They all knew at the bottom

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of their hearts that the victory was not due to themselves but to the starving out of Germany and the collapse of Bulgaria, but everyone assumed that it was due to his own valiant nation and felt that his generation had settled things for a hundred years to come. The Germans were to work for the Rumanians.

I cannot tell much of the glorious entry of the Rumanian army because I feared some manifestation of Rumanian bitterness that would be unpleasant. I stayed in the house and had it told to me later. There was the usual theatrical exaggeration but it was soon over. Sugar rose in price. It began to cost 50 lei and was not to be had even then. Bread was lacking. I heard one man say, 'What does sugar amount to, anyway? We must have bread.' We heard that there was plenty of flour somewhere, but the trouble was due to a process of changing from the German card system to a Rumanian system. People began to complain decidedly. The Socialist papers were confiscated. They were prevented from publication because they said that even under the German rule people had enough to eat. They could n't get much, but they had their little in quiet and order. Another bourgeois paper was suppressed because it criticized the agitation against the Germans as unnecessary, and its editor, who was a former Cabinet Minister, was arrested. He is now in a Bucharest prison under the charge of high treason and the case has not been tried.

Demonstration processions of workers began to fill the streets. *Jos cu regale* (Down with the king) and even calls for the return of the Germans were now and then heard. The workers were promised 25 lei a day wages. They could n 't live upon it. The only bread was a very white loaf made of rice meal and it was rationed at 125 grammes per head. Bad potatoes cost 4 lei a kilo; meat cost 20 or 30 lei; butter and fat 50 lei. The processions became more numerous and more threatening. Then they began to bring out machine guns. The mob was fired upon; its leaders were arrested and put where they could do no harm. The only result of the revolution in Bucharest so far was a number of dead. One amusing incident was the establishment of a civil guard, which was to embrace practically all men capable of bearing arms. They were provided with weapons. Two days later all these weapons were demanded back with the utmost haste under the threat of heavy penalties. The civil guard proved to be too active. But that is not the end of the revolution in Rumania. All the people lack is competent leaders. The masses are too ignorant. Many of them cannot read and write. When the outbreak comes, it will be only the worse for that. Just think of the peasant revolt of 1907! The practical certainty of a revolution is obvious to every person who knows Rumania.

The story of our German school is a sad one. Bratianu permitted it to reopen as a concession to the Saxons in Transylvania, but all the teachers were to be citizens of Transylvania. Now that is impossible. For the time being only the elementary school and two high school classes and two business school classes are running. Let us hope that after peace comes we may reëstablish our German educational system there. It would be a permanent shame for this prosperous school to be destroyed forever.

We have the Austrian diplomats to thank for leaving Rumania. They left Bucharest on February 15, and had the kindness to take with them as many Germans as their train would accommodate.

A. H.

The Schwäbischer Merkur

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SOSPAN FACH

(The Little Saucepan)

BY ROBERT GRAVES

Four collier lads from Ebbw Vale
Took shelter from a shower of hail,
And there beneath a spreading tree
Attuned their mouths to harmony.

With smiling joy on every face
Two warbled tenor, two sang bass,
And while the leaves above them hissed with
Rough hail, they started 'Aberystwyth.'

Old Parry's hymn, triumphant, rich,
They chanted through with even pitch,
Till at the end of their grand noise
I called: 'Give us the "Sospan," boys!'

Who knows a tune so soft, so strong,
So pitiful as that 'Saucepan' song
For exiled hope, despaired desire
Of lost souls for their cottage fire?

Then low at first with gathering sound
Rose their four voices, smooth and round,
Till back went Time: once more I stood
With Fusiliers in Mametz Wood.

Fierce burned the sun, yet cheeks were pale,
For ice hail they had leaden hail;
In that fine forest, green and big,
There stayed unbroken not one twig.

They sang, they swore, they plunged in haste,
Stumbling and shouting through the waste;
The little 'Saucepan' flamed on high,
Emblem of home and ease gone by.

Rough pit-boys from the coaly South,
They sang, even in the cannon's mouth;
Like Sunday's chapel, Monday's inn,
The death-trap sounded with their din.

The storm blows over, sun comes out,
The choir breaks up with jest and shout.
With what relief I watch them part —
Another note would break my heart!

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ON LIVING IN A TOWER

BY A. N.

HAD I my will I would live in a tower, in the body and not only in the spirit. For all wise men have their towers to which to retire, towers of ivory for delicate minds; for the grosser, towers of granite or of rough-grained, friendly brick. These, however, are terms of metaphysics. The tower should be mine after I had said farewell to youth and was soberly steering for old age through the middle years. I fancy that Montaigne would have turned impatiently from his tower in his quick youth, when his lively blood coursed to the beat of drums and the smiles of women, but he climbed his stairs when age crept upon him. It was the watching-place not of his body but of his soul. You see him look, not over the landscape of Périgord, though his lifted windows gave him 'three views of a rich and noble prospect,' but over the various landscape of his years, pause in the chase of his flying pen, and, smiling, catch it again and pursue his rambling, compassionate thought. For his book — let who will call it cynical — is one of the kindest things the human heart has given us, so full is it of pity and indulgence and excuse for the carnal man which at bottom each one of us is. Montaigne looked from his height into the depth, saw himself there, understood, and forgave. He could not have written his book elsewhere than in the clear air and solitude of his tower.

I have found a dozen places for that tower which will never be built — a roll of the South Downs from which I could see run for fifty miles a lifted, noble green wave of turf; the top of a Dorsetshire cliff where no man ever comes; a fold of Swaledale away toward Keld; a spot outside Florence where I could chasten my eyes with the spare, austere lines of the Tuscan hills; a red, parched headland on the Mediterranean coast of Spain; and a corner of Aranmor where the Atlantic wind cries forever over a desolate place of the dead, and where I should have sight both of the cliffs of Moher and of the mountains of Connemara. Most of these elect places imply a streak of morbidity, and yet I want my tower chiefly for the sake of solitude. Years of living in a crowd, of the enforced companionship of their fellows, make some men eager for the undisturbed company of themselves, for their own personal rediscovery. I want humanity near me, but I want a place of retreat from it. Household business, the work of the garden and the stables, went on below Montaigne, but he had his particular seat and his place of sole dominion.

My tower, then, shall be a tower in a city, but in a city not too large, for I want sight of fields and hills, of a river, and, better still, of the sea. Height and proportions are very vague in my dreams. It is a fine point, for instance, whether one's tower should be square or round. I want a tower in order to look about me. The view from an ordinary window is a picture in a frame; it is arbitrarily cut off by rigid lines. But for me the countryside will round and lift and expand as I climb. The windows of my tower will

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give me views toward the four winds, its roof a view which has for bounds the horizon, and I shall watch both dawn and evening. I shall have the sun all day when he shines, and live lifted up in a place where the prospect is as fine before as behind. And I shall have a pleasant, selfish, rather sanctimonious feeling of guardianship and protection. A man could almost fancy himself a tutelary deity did he live on a tower and watch day by day the awakening of a little city, have his ear taken by the first shrill cockcrow, see the blue spirals of household smoke unroll, hear all day the hum of the city's labor and the voices of its children at play float up to him on his airy height, and watch the ruddy eyes of lighted windows grow blank one by one after curfew. I shall not think much in my tower, or produce anything, or be a better man, but I shall have my solitude, dream much, and gain an increasing tolerance. The growth of tolerance is one of the certain signs that a man grows old, for youth, which is certain of itself and of the universe and of the ways of men, is fiercely intolerant. My tower, too, is to be a testing-place for my friends. A love of cheap romance may bring them to me once or twice, but my stairs and my draughts and my cramped quarters will winnow them, and I shall be left with the tried and the trusty. And we will never talk of the army.

I have twice been the accidental guest of men who lived in towers in cities, and I found them ordinary companionable humans. I cannot believe that their dwellings thrilled them with any sense of the romantic. Life was a hard thing for them, a business of scraping and contriving, stale crusts and thin wine, and bitter winter cold. At Segovia, that dead, proud city of Spain, where one sees the cloaked serenos, carrying horn lanterns and staves, set out on their rounds at night, and wakes to hear them proclaim the hour and the state of the weather, I found a whole family lodged in the cathedral tower. All one morning I sat high up there, in a gusty embrasure of the bell-chamber, the great clangorous bells half seen in the darkness above and breaking at noon into a tumult of bronze. For Segovia lies on its hill as on a catafalque, and the bells ring a perpetual requiem. There was little to do that morning but sit in the tower and talk execrable Spanish to the guardian of the tower, who pointed out invisible things round about. It rained as it will rain sometimes in Spain, and the fine, continuous rods of water were so thick and so serried that they wove a gray veil which blotted out the woods of La Granja and made the Guadaramma a shadow on a guessed-at horizon. About noon the man took me into an inner room, a cavernous place hewn in the heart of the tower, where his wife was cooking mysterious things over a brazier. Even the sound of the bells was muffled here, and the bronze might have been sounding in heaven. I accepted the guardian's twice-repeated invitation, and shared with him, his wife, and a troop of shy, bright-eyed children their soup, their sour bread, their pipkin of stew, and their harsh wine. The host did the honors of his house with a grave Castilian dignity. I should have liked to get at his philosophy of life, which was probably that of a decent, honorable poverty. And I remember how in the afternoon the clouds were miraculously rolled away, and the mountains leaped forward — there is no other word — and stood at the gates of the city. In the washed crystalline air every detail of the rock stood engraved with incomparable fineness and precision; the lingering

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snowdrifts were dazzling in the gullies, and all the face of the mountains was laced with the silver of cataracts which seemed so near that one strained to hear their rejoicing shout. And I wondered whether the old Churchmen, deans and canons, *de esta santa yglesia*, who lie buried before the west door, ever climbed the tower to lift up their eyes to the hills, or whether the beat of the bells was for them only the call to an irksome round of office.

Another friend of an afternoon was a cobbler who slept and had his bench in a little room under the leads of the tower of St. Martin at Ypres. He, too, was a keeper of the tower, and he left his hammering to point out this and that thing of beauty beneath me. The little, lovely city slept in the gold-flecked haze of an amethystine September afternoon. A beneficent, constant peace was spread with the autumn sunlight on the stepped gables, on the bricks of the houses, golden and pale rose and lilac with the patina of age, on the noble mass of the Cloth Hall, and the tall slate roofs, grown silvery as lavender, of the dim, forsaken cloister of the Poor Clares. The cobbler named this and that spire in the circle of the rich, crowded Flemish country, and this and that low hill or ridge which then had no name except for those who lived beside it. No man will ever look upon that beauty again; the memory of it grows dusty in those of us who carry it in the chambers of our brains, and the shadow of it will go from the earth when we die.

The Manchester Guardian

THE LAST OF THE ARISTOCRATS

BY H. H. BASHFORD

For the first time in his life, Mr. Figg-Smith stood in the smoking room of the Marlborough Club. In an adjoining room sat the St. James's Committee of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council. Faintly along Pall Mall from Trafalgar Square, came the regular report of the shooting party. Below the window rolled the motor tumbrils. Mr. Figg-Smith regarded his companions. There were four of these, and brief though was to be his contact with them, Mr. Figg-Smith thrilled a little to find himself among them. Lord Culver, the Honorable Ambrose Parting, the Reverend Sir James Newbiggin-Newbiggin, the party was completed, and, for Mr. Figg-Smith, crowned by the presence in it of Mr. Belton. None of the four men, however, was at all communicative; all appeared thoughtful and introspective; and Mr. Figg-Smith had leisure to reflect upon the strange turn of Fate that had brought him there.

Born some forty-eight years before, Mr. Figg-Smith had been designed on imposing lines, and, in spite of recent privations, was still inclined to *embonpoint*. The son of a successful draper in South London, he himself had become the chief director of the limited

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company that, on his father's death, had taken charge of the business. Expensively educated, however, Mr. Figg-Smith had failed to find in commerce a full satisfaction. Conscious of social gifts of no mean order, the possessor of a retentive memory, ready with information, the reverse of shy, and a keen student of books of reference, Mr. Figg-Smith had perceived in society the ideal theatre of his activities. He had impressed this on his wife, even before their marriage; she had been the daughter of a suburban rector. 'We must have the best,' he had said; 'nothing but the best.' Leaving Clapham, where her brother was still a dentist, they had moved to Wimbledon, where one of their friends had been a colonel; and it was with the latter that Mr. Figg-Smith had twice dined in London at the United Services Club.

He had then been thirty-two, with a somewhat full habit, a large and well-formed nose, and a singularly clear and penetrating voice, quickly discernible over intervening conversations. Not being an army man, he was, of course, ineligible for membership of this particular club. But it had been disadvantageous to him, as he had at once felt, to find himself unable to return the colonel's hospitality. Unfortunately, the colonel, being a poor man (he had, in fact, borrowed money from Mr. Figg-Smith), belonged to no other club, and was unable to help him; and letters of inquiry to the secretaries of Brooks's and the Carlton had brought him unsatisfactory replies. The vicar of the parish, however, an ardent Conservative, had succeeded in getting him elected to the Constitutional — 'very mixed, I'm afraid, but still a *pied-a-terre;* and of course, Belton's a member, and fellows like that.'

Here, for a couple of years, he had spent most of his time; here he had begun to write letters to the daily press; but here also he had first become conscious of the jealousy provoked by an able man. This was, of course, due, as he had explained to his wife, to a lack of breeding in most of his fellow members. 'I shall look out for another club,' he had told her; and, as a preparatory measure, he had moved to Hans Crescent. Here he had increased his expenditure, and, after some effort, had been accepted as a candidate for a Midland constituency; and this had brought him into sufficient prominence as to have admitted him to a reference book, widely known as *Who's Who.* In this, for the first time, he had been able to describe himself to the reading public as the great-great-great-grandson of Sir Reginald Polecatte, an eminent ancestor of his mother, the late Miss Figg, of Camberwell. On the other hand, as a political speaker, he had early discovered himself quite unsuited to prevalent campaigning methods. To bandy words with hecklers, usually ignorant and plebeian, had seemed to him inconsistent with dignity; and he had, therefore, withdrawn, not without a certain bitterness, from electioneering circles. He had then bought a house, with several acres of ground, in a rural part of Hampshire, and had submitted his name and genealogy for insertion in *Kelly's Handbook of Landed Gentry.* By an unfortunate oversight, he had not yet been included in this, and, by an equally unhappy mischance, he had found himself among neighbors of the most prejudiced, envious, and unresponsive nature. He had, however, obtained permission to use a coat-of-arms, containing a reminiscence of the late Sir Reginald Polecatte's; and he had dispensed hospitality to the Member of Parliament representing his division of Hampshire. His name had also been submitted for

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election to several clubs, more exclusive than the Constitutional; and, but for the long waiting lists, he would no doubt have been elected to them before the present catastrophe had placed him where he was. From his fellow aristocrats recognition had been slow. But now, before the judgment seat of the people, he had been included among them at last — at any rate, for the purpose of investigation.

It was a strange experience. It was a very searching one. He heard that faint report again from Trafalgar Square. A bell in the next room rang, and the door was opened. An usher looked into the smoking-room, and summoned Lord Culver. A bow-legged and rubicund nobleman rose with extreme reluctance from his seat. Mr. Figg-Smith heard the voice of the chairman.

'It's damned 'ot,' it said. 'Leave that door open.'

By approaching a little nearer, Mr. Figg-Smith had the opportunity, therefore, of hearing an aristocrat meeting his doom.

'You're a lord?'

'Bless you, I could n't help it.'

The counsel, appointed for the defense, remarked that Lord Culver had been born one.

'No excuse,' said the Chairman. 'That's been ruled out.'

There was a chorus of 'Hear, 'ears.'

'What have you got to say for yourself that you should n't be shot dead?'

'Well, now, look here, you fellers,' said Lord Culver, 'I may be a lord but I never asked to be one. I wish to God I had never been. Twenty bob a week an' a quiet life — that's *my* mark. It always has been. And I've always been a sportsman, as you know. Why, there's Joe Willocks, who used to ride for me.'

'That's so,' said a raucous voice. ''E was always a sport, genl'men; I can't deny it.'

'And I would like to point out,' said counsel, 'that we're down to the last five; and that there's a growing sentiment in favor of mercy.'

'Don't you fellers forget, too,' put in Lord Culver, 'that my old grandfather was a butcher.'

'Retail or wholesale?' inquired the Chairman.

'I don't quite understand,' replied Lord Culver.

'Did he serve behind the counter?'

'Oh, God bless you, yes — in his earlier days, you know — damned old thief.'

'Are you a democrat?'

'You bet your boots I am. No more lordships again for me, old cock.'

There was a ripple of laughter and some low conversation.

'Recommended to live,' said the Chairman. 'Next.'

The usher reappeared.

'The Reverend Sir James Newbiggin-Newbiggin.'

A hatchet-faced clergyman, who had been biting his nails in a corner, rose and entered the chamber of judgment.

'You're the fifth baronet?'

'Yes, that's so. But I was also a Labor candidate for South Bucks.'

'That's quite true,' said the counsel for the defense.

'And I had to refund my deposit money.'

'We don't like priests,' said the Chairman. 'I'm now an agnostic.'

'You have no property, I think?' said the counsel for the defense.

'Not a penny — only this wretched title. It's handicapped me all my life.'

'What do you say, gentlemen?' inquired the Chairman.

'Oh, let him go.'

'Very well; next.'

'The Honorable Ambrose Parting,' cried the usher. A tall young man rose from the settee, disarranged his tie, and followed the usher.

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'You are the son of Lord Wealdstone I think, who was executed last week?'

'By his second wife,' said the Honorable Ambrose.

'Why do you mention that?' said the Chairman.

'Because she was Dolly Decanter, you know — the prize high-kicker from the Empire.'

'Yes, I remember her,' said one of the committee.

'What was her real name?' asked the counsel for the defense.

'Meathook—Mabel Meathook. Her mother was a charwoman in Poplar'

'You are, therefore, the grandson of a charwoman?'

'I have always thanked God for it,' said the Honorable Ambrose.

There was a moment's consultation.

'Do you remember her?'

'Oh, perfectly; she was an absolute old dear. Spat in the fire, you know, as cully as they make 'em. She was awfully fond of me, was grandma.'

'Are you a democrat?'

'Well, don't I look it? I have n't shaved for a week.'

'Would you agree to work where we dictated?'

'I'd clean sewers for you if you asked me to.'

'We've shot his father, you know,' said the counsel for the defense.

There was another consultation.

'Recommended for mercy,' said the Chairman. 'I'm getting darned 'ungry. Send in the next.'

'Mr. Belton,' said the usher.

Mr. Belton gently untwisted himself, and lounged after the usher.

'You're Mr. Belton?'

'If I can be said to be anything. I don't admit that. But that is what I'm called.'

'You have been Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, Under-Secretary of State for India, Assistant Postmaster-General, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Prime Minister of England.'

'I should have preferred to have had notice of that question. But I dare say you're right.'

'You are a member of the Athenæum, the Marlborough, and the Travelers' Clubs?'

'I am also a member of the Fishmongers', the Grocers', and the Saddlers' Companies.'

'You are an aristocrat?'

'On the contrary, I am a commoner. I am, as you have said, plain Mr. Belton.'

'But you have made more peers than any man living?'

'I have also supported bills restricting their power.'

'You don't believe then in the 'Ereditary Principle?'

'I don't believe in anything, hereditary or otherwise; and I have refrained, as you are doubtless aware, from reproducing myself.'

'Have you any reason why you should n't be shot dead?'

'None at all. Have you?'

There was the usual pause for consultation.

'You've been very frank with us,' said the Chairman.

'I'm glad you think so,' said Mr. Belton.

'We're sending you to the British Museum. Is there anybody else?'

'Only one,' said the usher. 'Mr. Figg-Smith.'

'He's not an aristocrat, is he?'

'He has been included for examination.

Mr. Figg-Smith found himself before the committee and considered it as repulsive an assemblage as he had ever beheld.

'Your father was a draper, I think?' said the counsel for the defense.

'He was certainly in business,' said

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Mr. Figg-Smith. 'Personally, I have always had private means.'

'Where were you born?'

'In the metropolis.'

'I think in Peckham?' said counsel. Mr. Figg-Smith bowed.

'Your mother was a Miss Figg, I believe?'

'That is so.'

'The daughter of a chemist in the Stockwell Road?'

'She was the great-great-grand-daughter of Sir Reginald Polecatte, of Polecatte in Berkshire.'

'That seems a very long way back,' said the Chairman. 'I don't think we should press that.'

He glanced at the committee.

'You don't consider yourself an aristocrat, do you?'

It was Mr. Figg-Smith's supreme moment. He had listened to his fellows buying their lives.

'I have been considered one,' he said very quietly.

'Are you a democrat?'

'No.'

A quarter of an hour later, with his eyes on the figure of Nelson (Duke of Brontë) he stood before the firing party. Ten seconds afterwards he died without a word. It was most probably, all things considered, a far, far better thing than he had ever done.

Land and Water

MR YEATS'S SWAN SONG *

In the preface to this book Mr. W. B. Yeats speaks of 'the phantasmagoria through which alone I can express my convictions about the world.' The challenge could hardly be more direct. At the threshold we are confronted with a legend upon the door-post which gives us the essential plan of all that we shall find in the house if we enter in. There are, it is true, a few things capable of common use, verses written in the seeming-strong vernacular of literary Dublin, as it were a hospitable bench placed outside the door. They are indeed inside the house, but by accident or for temporary shelter. They do not, as the phrase goes, belong to the scheme, for they are direct transcriptions of the common reality, whether found in the sensible world or the emotion of the mind. They are, from Mr. Yeats's angle of vision (as indeed from our own), essentially *vers d'occasion*.

The poet's high and passionate argument must be sought elsewhere, and precisely in his expression of his convictions about the world. And here, on the poet's word and the evidence of our search, we shall find phantasmagoria, ghostly symbols of a truth which cannot be otherwise conveyed, at least by Mr. Yeats. To this, in itself, we make no demur. The poet, if he is a great poet, is driven to approach the highest reality he can apprehend. He cannot transcribe it simply because he does not possess the necessary apparatus of knowledge, and because if he did possess it his passion would flag. It is not often that Spinoza can disengage himself to write as he does at the beginning of the third Book of the Ethics, nor could

* *The Wild Swans at Coole*. By W. B. Yeats. Macmillan, 5*s* net.

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Lucretius often kindle so great a fire in his soul as that which made his material incandescent in *AEneadum genetrix*. Therefore, the poet turns to myth as a foundation upon which he can explicate his imagination. He may take his myth from legend or familiar history, or he may create one for himself anew; but the function it fulfills is always the same. It supplies the elements with which he can build the structure of his parable, upon which he can make it elaborate enough to convey the multitudinous reactions of his soul to the world.

But between myths and phantasmagoria there is a great gulf. The structural possibilities of the myth depend upon its intelligibility. The child knows upon what drama, played in what world, the curtain will rise when he hears the trumpet-note: 'Of man's first disobedience. . . .' And, even when the poet turns from legend and history to create his own myth, he must make one whose validity is visible, if he is not to be condemned to the sterility of a coterie. The lawless and fantastic shapes of his own imagination need, even for their own perfect embodiment, the discipline of the common perception. The phantoms of the individual brain, left to their own waywardness, lose all solidity and become like primary forms of life, instead of the penultimate forms they should be. For the poet himself must move securely among his visions; they must be not less certain and steadfast than men are. To anchor them he needs intelligible myth. Nothing less than a supremely great genius can save him if he ventures into the vast without a landmark visible to other eyes than his own. Blake had a supremely great genius and was saved in part. The masculine vigor of his passion gave stability to the figures of his imagination. They are heroes because they are made to speak like heroes. Even in Blake's most recondite work there is always the moment when the clouds are parted and we recognize the austere and awful countenances of gods. The phantasmagorias of the dreamer have been mastered by the sheer creative will of the poet. Like Jacob, he wrestled until the going down of the sun with his angel and would not let him go.

The effort which such momentary victories demand is almost superhuman; yet to possess the power to exert it is the sole condition upon which a poet may plunge into the world of phantasms. Mr. Yeats has too little of the power to vindicate himself from the charge of idle dreaming. He knows the problem; perhaps he has also known the struggle. But the very terms in which he suggests it to us subtly convey a sense of impotence:

> Hands, do what you're bid;
> Bring the balloon of the mind
> That bellies and drags in the wind
> Into its narrow shed.

The languor and ineffectuality of the image tell us clearly how the poet has failed in his larger task; its exactness, its precise expression of an ineffectuality made conscious and condoned, bears equal witness to the poet's minor probity. He remains an artist by determination, even though he returns downcast and defeated from the great quest of poetry. We were inclined at first, seeing those four lines enthroned in majestic isolation on a page, to find in them evidence of an untoward conceit. Subsequently, they have seemed to reveal a splendid honesty. Although it has little mysterious and haunting beauty, *The Wild Swans at Coole* is indeed a swan song. It is eloquent of final defeat; the following of a lonely path has ended in the poet's sinking exhausted in a wilderness of

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gray. Not even the regret is passionate; it is pitiful.

I am worn out with dreams,
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams;
And all day long I look
Upon this lady's beauty
As though I had found in book
A pictured beauty,
Pleased to have filled the eyes
Or the discerning ears,
Delighted to be but wise,
For men improve with the years;
And yet, and yet
Is this my dream, or the truth?
O would that we had met
When I had my burning youth;
But I grow old among dreams,
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams.

It is pitiful because, even now in spite of all his honesty, the poet mistakes the cause of his sorrow. He is worn out not with dreams, but with the vain effort to master them and submit them to his own creative energy. He has not subdued them nor built a new world from them; he has merely followed them like will-o'-the-wisps away from the world he knew. Now, possessing neither world, he sits by the edge of a barren road that vanishes into a no-man's land, where is no future, and whence there is no way back to the past.

My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor;
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.

It may be that Mr. Yeats has succumbed to the malady of a nation. We do not know whether such things are possible; we must consider him only in and for himself. From this angle we can regard him only as a poet whose creative vigor has failed him when he had to make the highest demands upon it. His sojourn in the world of the imagination, far from enriching his vision, has made it infinitely tenuous. Of this impoverishment, as of all else that has overtaken him, he is agonizedly aware.

I would find by the edge of that water
The collar-bone of a hare,
Worn thin by the lapping of water,
And pierce it through with a gimlet, and
stare
At the old bitter world where they marry
in churches,
And laugh over the untroubled water
At all who marry in churches,
Through the white thin bone of a hare.

Nothing there remains of the old bitter world which for all its bitterness is a full world also; but nothing remains of the sweet world of imagination. Mr. Yeats has made the tragic mistake of thinking that to contemplate it was sufficient. Had he been a great poet he would have made it his own, by forcing it into the fetters of speech. By re-creating it, he would have made it permanent; he would have built landmarks to guide him always back to where the effort of his last discovery had ended. But now there remains nothing but a handful of the symbols with which he was content:

A Sphinx with woman breast and lion paw,
A Buddha, hand at rest,
Hand lifted up that blest;
And right between these two a girl at play.

These are no more than the dry bones in the valley of Ezekiel, and, alas! there is no prophetic fervor to make them live.

Whether Mr. Yeats, by some grim fatality, mistook his phantasmagoria for the product of the creative imagination, or whether (as we would believe) he made an effort to discipline them to his poetic purpose and failed, we cannot certainly say. Of this, however, we are certain, that somehow, somewhere, there has been disaster. He is empty, now. He has the apparatus of enchantment, but no potency in his soul. He is forced to fall back upon the artistic honesty which has never for-

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saken him. That it is an insufficient reserve let this passage show:

For those that love the world serve it in action,
Grow rich, popular, and full of influence,
And should they paint or write still it is action:
The struggle of the fly in marmalade.
The rhetorician would deceive his neighbors
The sentimentalist himself; while art
Is but a vision of reality. . . .

The Athenæum

Mr. Yeats is neither rhetorician nor sentimentalist. He is by structure and impulse an artist. But structure and impulse are not enough. Passionate apprehension must be added to them. Because this is lacking in Mr. Yeats, those lines, concerned though they are with things he holds most dear, are prose and not poetry.

THE INNER HISTORY OF THE BRONTË-HEGER LETTERS

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

In 1913 the late Lady Ritchie published her last book, *From the Porch* — an interesting volume of 'divagations, monographs, reminiscences.' It contains a 'Discourse on Modern Sybils,' among whom Charlotte Brontë is accorded a prominent place. I have just returned to the volume, and I find there a note I do not remember to have seen until now: '*August, 1913.* Some letters from Miss Brontë to M. Heger recently published. . . . It would have been more to the recipient's credit if he had answered them and honorably burnt them, instead of not answering and leaving them to be printed in the *Times*.'

This refers, of course, to the publication in that journal of the four important letters, and the notes accompanying them, given forth to the world with the primary intention of silencing the gossip which for years had been bandied about among biographers and critics of Charlotte Brontë, and dispelling the implied aspersions cast on the fair fame of both writer and recipient. It is true that these aspersions received little, if any, credit in this country; but it was otherwise abroad — indeed, in France a biographical work was published, plainly imputing relations between master and pupil for which there was not the shadow of justification. The publication constituted a literary sensation of real significance, not merely because it swept into limbo the current tittle-tattle of which in no other way could there have been any authoritative disproof, but because it provided a key to the clear understanding of the whole of Charlotte Brontë's literary creation.

Lady Ritchie — but one of several* — being unaware of all the facts, was innocently betrayed into accepting a view which the circumstances did not warrant; and her 'note,' which is here quoted, became itself a disparagement, and in its effect a cruel injustice to the very man whom, in part, it was the

E.g., Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick, who makes a similar error: 'He kept them [the letters] for the same reason that . . .'—*In the Footsteps of Charlotte Brontë.*

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object of the *Times*' disclosures to clear. Such being the case, it obviously becomes the duty of one to whom all the facts were long ago confided, with the permission, and the request, to make them known when the time should arrive for doing so, to set forth the full history of these famous letters previous to the publication of them six years ago.

On October 6, 1913, I was paying a visit to Mademoiselle Louise Heger — one of the two survivors of the real characters whom Charlotte Brontë introduced into *Villette;* she was the delightful child, Georgette, of whom also Miss Brontë speaks in one of her letters to M. Heger.* The conversation turned once more upon the letters — the 'love-letters,' as they have been inaccurately termed. There ensued a moment or two of silence, during which Mlle. Heger was coming, apparently, to a difficult and rather painful decision. Then, notifying me that I might wish to make some notes of what she was about to recount, she said that she would impart to me the whole curious story of the documents. These notes I now transcribe as I took them down.

Her father, she said, tore up the letters as he received (and read) them and threw them all into the waste-paper basket — one only escaping destruction. [This was plainly stated at the time of their publication and should have absolved the Professor of all blame.] But her mother, a woman prudent and worldly-wise, saved them, all but the first, and pieced them together with cotton or with gum. She was the more careful so to do because of her experience of *exaltées* girls and her knowledge of the developments which occasionally ensue in hysterical subjects, and because she considered the affection expressed by the pupil for the teacher *un peu exagérée*, and, moreover, because one or more of these letters had been addressed to M. Heger, not to the schoolhouse in the Rue d'Isabelle, but to the *Athénée Royale* — which at that time stood close by, almost where the *Université Libre* building was afterwards erected.

Now, she had herself — as she explained later on to her daughter, Mlle. Louise Heger — written Professor Heger's replies to Charlotte Brontë's letters at his dictation; for he scarcely ever wrote with his own hand, and she was his amanuensis.* (In later years the daughter succeeded to the secretarial post.) That is why in one of her letters Charlotte Brontë pleads for the *sight of his own handwriting*, and also why she addressed him at the *Athénée:* for no other reason.

Had Madame Heger known only of these passionate letters and recognized in Miss Brontë an *exaltée*, such as she had had knowledge of, she would not have been disturbed; but English girls, of whom she had little experience, presented her with a problem of the unknown. Perhaps she feared their insistence of character and strength of purpose. Certainly (as Charlotte herself declares) she did not understand this young Englishwoman, whom she knew only as a poor Yorkshire girl, of curious independence and extraordinary originality, who voluntarily practised self-isolation,† and who was of extreme nervous excitability and possessed of vivid imagination, amazing and brilliant. Conceivably, thought

*'I fear that Marie, Louise, Claire may already have forgotten me. . . . I remember well all five of them, especially Louise — she had so much character — so much *naïveté* in her little face.'

*Compare *Villette* (chap. 15) where, in the character of Paul Emanuel, Professor Heger is made to say: 'I could not write that down, [a story he had told her]. 'I hate mechanical labor; . . . I could dictate it, though, with pleasure to an amanuensis who suited me.'

†*Op. cit.* (chap. 14): 'I might have had companions, and I chose solitude,' says Lucy Snowe.

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the head mistress, this strange girl, the writer of these emotional letters, might take some unexpected step in relation to the family to whom she had never cared to make herself agreeable. From foreign girls she knew what might perchance be expected. These letters, then, might be evidence, if there were need, that would dispel any misapprehension that might arise. She became convinced of the justice of her view when Charlotte Brontë was leaving Brussels and let loose the burning valedictory words (as I am assured) — '*Je me vengerai!*' It recalls to mind that wonderful parting scene in *Villette*, startling in its vividness, where Madame Beck is at last routed by the Professor. It was a simple measure of self-defense to be held in reserve. So Madame Heger kept the letters — and said nothing.

Twenty-one years later Mlle. Heger, being then twenty-nine years of age, seeing a poster announcing for that day the delivery of a lecture on 'The Brontës' by a distinguished *littérateur* of Paris, attended the meeting. What she heard astounded and offended her. She sat writhing in her seat as the lecturer denounced the whole Heger family for their callousness toward the two Brontë sisters, their 'cruelty,' and, above all, 'Monsieur Emanuel' for his 'barbarity'; and he read quotations from Charlotte's works to prove his words. Mlle. Heger returned home *toute bouleversée*, and in her agitation rang continuously at the bell until the door was opened by the alarmed Madame Heger herself. '*Mais, qu'est-ce que tu as, ma chère enfant?*' asked the mother, '*tu es toute pâle!*' Mlle. Louise quickly told what she had heard, and demanded to know why the family had acted with so much inhumanity towards the stranger within their gates. For Mlle. Louise had a great affection for Charlotte Brontë, who had quitted them when the child was six years of age, and whom she remembered, with deep sympathy, as 'a little person, extremely narrow of chest, with side curls, large eyes (but not so large as in her portrait), and sadly defective teeth — somewhat ill-favored indeed, and unattractive to look upon — and yet beloved by her. The portrait which we all know, with side curls, is very like her; the other, with hair *en bandeaux*, is not so good.'

Madame Heger was not disturbed at the outburst. With her usual serenity she said, after a moment's reflection: '*Viens en haut, mon enfant, et tu comprendras.*' Taking the girl to her bedroom, her mother drew from its place of safe-keeping a large jewel box. Removing the upper tray, she pointed to the letters lying within, and said: '*Tu es d'âge de comprendre. Prends une de ces lettres — celle que tu voudras — et lis.*' Mlle. Louise obeyed. Then the light broke in upon her; and yet, as she added, '*je n'étais pas convaincue.*' 'But why,' she persisted, 'were we cruel to her — or why do you allow it to be said?' '*Mon enfant,*' came the quiet reply, '*ceux qui nous connaissent sauront que ces histoires sont des romans: ceux qui ne nous connaissent pas — qu'est-ce que ça fait? J'ai gardé ces lettres — elles pourront avoir une grande importance.*' Mlle. Louise understood and breathed not a word of what she had learned.

Years later Madame Heger died, and in due time her husband was called upon to go through such of her papers as were not business letters; for all commercial and financial matters were placed in the hands of the *notaire*. Madame Heger, indeed, had always attended to the *affaires;* as the Professor himself said: 'She had the business head — all that he could do was the spending department.' At this time he was plunged deep in depression.

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Mlle. Heger felt it to be her duty, when he was engaged in examining the papers and tossing many of them into the waste-paper basket, to produce the letters, although they were among the things, which, along with trinkets and so forth, had been specifically bequeathed to her as the eldest of the family. In fear and trembling she handed them to him. He looked at them, turned them over, glanced at their contents, recognized them with astonishment, and, with a frown, flung them into the basket along with the other papers discarded and destroyed. [And this is the man who has been widely attacked for preserving the papers in order that they might be made public!] A little later, when he had left the room, Mlle. Louise Heger rescued them, and for a second time the precious documents were preserved; for, she argued to herself, 'at the present moment my father is no calm judge of circumstances and events. He does not recognize the importance of these papers. If it was my mother's earnest wish that they should be kept, and if she hoarded them for half a century, they should not be destroyed without careful consideration.'

So she wrote to a friend in Paris, Madame M., of Passy, the wife of an eminent mathematician, in whose good judgment and sound common sense she had reliance, and put the case before her. The reply which she received insisted on the outstanding importance of the letters from every point of view. Mlle. Heger was charged never to destroy them, because besides clearing the two principals of all imputations such as were at the time afloat in Paris, they had become a part of literary history and were rightly 'the heritage of England.' This epistle was placed carefully with the Charlotte Brontë letters.

A few years later, after she had passed her seventieth year, Mlle. Heger determined, for prudence' sake, to speak to her brother, Professor Dr. Paul Heger, on the matter of which he, like his other sister, was still wholly in ignorance. Believing that pre-occupied as he was with his scientific work, he might not realize the significance of the story she had to impart, she placed *Wuthering Heights* in his hands and begged him to read it. This he did, and broke into enthusiasm over Emily Brontë's genius, exclaiming: 'She was a Zola, before Zola discovered the later Zola!' Then she asked him to read *Villette*, saying that it was a much lighter book by Charlotte Brontë and would amuse him. He read and was amused, recognizing everything (though he was not yet born when Charlotte left Brussels), and although a little hurt by the exaggerations and unkindnesses which he rightly attributed in the main to literary exigency, he attached no great importance to that — for he realized that the book claimed to be regarded as fiction. Then, after a while Mlle. Heger placed before him the letter of her Paris counselor, for whom he also entertained the deepest respect, saying — as her mother had said to her so many years before — '*Lis — et tu comprendras.*' He read and was profoundly impressed. 'And to what does this refer?' In reply she gave him the original letters of Charlotte Brontë. Then the situation became plain to him.

For a couple of years nothing was done. At last said Mlle. Heger: 'I am getting old; *si je m'en vais — et si tu t'en vas — que deviendront ces choses précieuses?*' On the spur of the moment he proposed sending the letters to a Paris friend, a leading man of letters for an opinion. Mlle. Heger, alarmed, instantly objected. *Figure-toi*

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ces lettres dans les mains d'un littérateur de Paris!' Then he asked for a copy of the letters which he might read to a *réunion* of the family in order to ascertain their view. To this she agreed, and made a copy, which was ultimately lost. At the family gathering one — a commanding voice — proclaimed against any publication, on the ground that such would certainly be misunderstood, and that the names of Heger and Brontë both would be trampled in the mire. Neither Mlle. Heger nor her brother was satisfied; but nothing more was said until one day the latter spoke of a certain Englishman from whom a sound opinion might be obtained as to any course that might be proposed with respect to England, and whether or not it should be carried out. [I print the statement exactly as I received it; the reference is to myself.]

So she accompanied her brother to London, and the matter was discussed, and she remained undecided until she heard the words: 'If it were a question of France instead of England I should advise against publication; but this is England, and people will understand.' She felt the truth of it, and instantly made up her mind in favor of the facts being made known — 'and I cannot tell you how relieved I am to be rid of this anxiety and how deep is our gratitude.' The rest of the story is known.

Such are the facts that led up to the making public of the documents, whereby two reputations were freed from suspicion, two noble characters left untarnished, in the matter of one of the poignant incidents of literary history. There was no feeling in regard to it save the sentiment of sympathy, of justice, and of truth. The Heger family and their friends, it is true, in times past had resented the closeness of the portraiture, and they were hurt that, while places were drawn with photographic accuracy, the characters of people were often caricatured, the persons themselves gibbeted, and the names of personages well known and universally esteemed in Brussels — de Hamel, van der Huten, de Bassompierre — were allotted to creations of the author's fancy. Yet they entertained profound respect for the writer's genius; they were proud that her art had been first trained and nurtured within their circle; they were as jealous for her honor as her own countrymen. Generosity and magnanimity were the springs of their action in presenting to the British nation the treasure of the letters; while, as to the publication of them, Professor Dr. Paul Heger and his co-donors were in no whit responsible. This was so clearly set forth in the statement that accompanied the presentation to the British Museum that it is incomprehensible that any misunderstanding should exist. Yet some people read the unmistakable facts — and straightway misapprehended. Truly, as Dr. Heger wrote to me in one of his letters which was printed at the time, when I had decided on publicity: 'I hope that the publication of these letters will bring to an end a legend which has never had real existence in fact; I hope so — but legends are more tenacious of life than simple reality.'

The vanity of Hope! The persistence of Error!

There have been critics — chiefly ladies, it must be admitted — who have denounced the alleged 'keeping' of the letters, and the publication of them, appealing less to fact and historic truth than to privilege and honor and chivalry. We need not inquire whether such objection does not spring rather from pride of sex, from the *froissement* experienced at the sight

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of a woman quite naturally laying bare her heart and her confession of honest admiration of a man, and of her gratitude. That a woman should kneel thus vainly at the altar of affection, that the beautiful and pathetic spectacle should be revealed, has been received by many of the sweeter sex as a humiliation—an indignity — thus proclaiming, unconsciously, against the equality of the sexes. For whoever heard these same critics raise the voice of protest against the publication, in the biography of any great man, of similar letters addressed by him to a woman? On the contrary, it has been accepted as a very proper homage, the tribute of deference to the potency of feminine charm and to his own inclination to Nature's law. Without perfect candor and the honest setting forth of facts no true biography can be written, for it is essential that the mainspring of a life, a character, a career, a work, should be well understood.

The matter should be regarded from a higher standpoint and with a broader and a larger outlook. It is surely injudicious, even foolish, to look upon temperamental emotion in human nature in woman (but not in man) as a mere weakness to be ashamed of: to claim suppression in her case in the name of honor and chivalry; and to treat — especially in respect of Charlotte Brontë — the statement of the whole truth as a violation of some sacred secret, even when it is a secret *de Polichinelle:* a secret which in certain quarters has been grossly and offensively misrepresented.

It is idle to regard conscientious and sympathetic inquiry into the predominant facts of a life as 'mere prying.' Morbid delicacy in such a matter makes biography worthless, because, when truth is but half told, conclusions, and the lesson to be learned from them, are misleading and, therefore, false. It may be in place in an everyday 'Appreciation'; but it cannot be permissible in the case of a genius whose work and career are the pride and the heritage of a nation.

It is small respect to the memory of a great author that when letters — the existence of which has been perfectly well known — are spoken of, the artificial atmosphere of mystery which has developed around them should be studiously preserved, and any questions about them should be met with a minatory 'Sh! Sh! *Hush!*—better not to inquire — honor, you know — honor and chivalry!'

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ANIMALS IN WAR

BY FRANK FOX

THE English are the kindest people in the world to dumb animals. Coming to England for the first time — and not from a foreign country but from one of the Dominions — I was struck by this almost universal kindliness. London, I think, is the only city in the world where that artful animal, the cat, sitting out on the suburban wall or parapet, views passers-by with equanimity, and even permits them to give her a stroking as they pass. Clearly, the cat has not been 'chivvied' for some generations. Sitting out in search of rare opportunities to enjoy the sun, pussy keeps a wary eye open for dogs. Man she knows to be tolerant and kind, even man in the stage of boy. I have not noticed the cat so confident in any other part of the world, and what the cat does not know of the people whom she allows to be her hosts is very little. (Speculating why a majority of cats in London are black, one does not surmise 'protective coloration,' for that is not needed. Probably it is due to the idea that black cats are lucky, and when a cat's superabundant families are thinned off in infancy the black kittens of the litter have the best chance to survive.)

It is possible to laugh at the degree to which kindness to dumb animals is carried in England; for instance, the organized society to guard against cats being left to starve through inadvertence during the absence of householders on holidays. That seems a little ridiculous at first, especially as the cat is probably the least gracious, though the most graceful, of man's friends among the brutes. But, thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that the somewhat fussy degree of care for the inferior creatures among the people of these islands is a natural manifestation of the spirit which has made us the great colonizing, Empire-building people of the earth. Tolerance, kindness, sympathy with the weak — these have been the secrets of our Imperial success just as much as adventurousness, courage, and endurance. The Englishman who does not chivvy a cat does not harass a savage. It is the spirit of live and let live. Like the character in *The Mikado* — that eminently English suburban villa resident with the Japanese name — we work up the animal kingdom from a blue-bottle fly to a second trombone, but not as executioners, as tolerators.

In the war we have had to make many cruel demands on animals. Flanders asked nearly as much of horse and mule as of man. But I do not think that there has been in consequence any brutalizing of our spirit toward animals; rather the contrary. Many thousands of our men have learned more about animals, and with more knowledge have more affection. To know a dog is not a complete training in knowledge of animals, for the dog is a pathetically blind man-lover. A horse with its emotional, somewhat hysterical nature calls for a great deal more sympathy; a mule with its rather harsh common sense, its steady objection to being 'put upon,' its uncanny memory for an injury, calls for still more tolerance. Well,

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hundreds of thousands of our men have come to a new knowledge of horses and mules; and most of them have come out of the test well. Certainly no transport animals in the campaign had such a good time as those with British units. Our French friends got a great deal of work out of animals with much less food in the nose-bags, but there rarely seemed any affection between them and their horses and mules. It was the rule rather than the exception for the British soldier of a mounted unit to become friends with his beast.

On the Somme one evening at a very advanced post the ration party came up with one man and one mule surviving; the rest had been casualties on the road; and the man's first word was for his mule, who, he said, had 'behaved like a Christian.' And though there was no food for the mule of the mule kind, the gallant little beast did very well indeed from a voluntary levy on the detachment's bread ration.

In the artillery it was the custom of the drivers to make chums of their horses and to be proud of them, though those horses involved bitterly hard work. Of course there was often a 'grouse.' A red-headed lad from Lancashire — he had been a mill-hand, and on first joining did not know which end a horse kicked from — used to 'blow off steam' in stables by declaring that next war he was going to be a horse and have a man to rub his legs down. But his pair of horses were as well kept as any in the battery and would follow him about like dogs. Very rare was it to find a man who was deliberately cruel to his animals, or even indifferent to them.

Dogs of course had a carnival time with the B.E.F. What a gap will be left in the life of many a mongrel on the Continent when the British troops finally leave! Some regulation against keeping dogs in the trenches or in the lines existed, but it was never kept. Almost every unit had its pet dog, Cats were rarer as pets, but fairly common. Occasionally a goat or a caged bird was among the treasured pets of a regiment or a battery. When pig-keeping came to be an army activity an occasional pig kept away from the larder by becoming a pet.

Now that our men are returning home I am confident that the cat will still bask in the sun (when there is any sun) with the old security; that the horse and the mule will still get a fair deal; and the dog still some justification of his absurdly high opinion of mankind. Work in Flanders and France has been hard, savagely hard sometimes; but it has not been brutalizing. The soldier has more knowledge and not less tolerance.

The Spectator

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MODERN TENDENCIES IN NOVEL WRITING

BY J. R. PEDDIE

In the early days of the war one wrote blithely and confidently of the great future for literature, impelled by that intense emotionalism and exaction which the crisis in the nation's life engendered. Now we are in the trough of the waves; there is upon the world an uneasy sickness, and in chastened mood we pause and surmise without any very strong convictions on the possibilities for literature in the days that lie ahead.

If we look for the positive influences of the war, we find, as is indeed natural, that poetry has been most deeply affected. The winnowing is yet to come, but when the chaff has been removed we shall doubtless find sufficient verse of the first order to fill a respectable anthology. Of the drama, the less said the better. A survey of the plays that filled London and provincial theatres during the war makes doleful matter for those who have the cause of serious drama at heart, and as yet there is but little sign of regeneration.

We turn, therefore, to the novel. While the war was in progress it seemed to defeat all prognostication. The themes of the prominent modern novelists were accommodated to the extraordinary times in some successful instances, notably H. G. Wells in his *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* and *Joan and Peter* and Hugh Walpole in his *Dark Forest*, but, on the whole, writers like Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, and Joseph Conrad did not forsake their accustomed metier, and suffered thereby no loss of popularity.

Hugh Walpole, lecturing a short time ago in Glasgow, described the most characteristic method in English fiction as the 'good old ham-and-egg style,' by which description he meant the homely, go-as-you-please method of telling a story, familiar since the days of Fielding. When Fielding, who knew definitely what he wanted to do as a novelist, declared for an epic medium rather than a dramatic, he set a fashion which will not easily go out of date. Scott fell at once into Fielding's method: it suited his temperament admirably. Dickens did not alter it to any notable degree; to Thackeray it came naturally and inevitably; George Eliot, the Brontës, Meredith, these and many others spread their work upon a broad and ample canvas, disdaining the restraint and discipline of a more ordered form.

This modernized picaresque style is still far from extinct, but it is a noteworthy tendency of the times that the adherents to the old tradition are becoming steadily fewer. Nevertheless, among the most popular novelists of to-day are those whose work exhibits the lawlessness of the great writers of the nineteenth century. They do, indeed, avoid to some extent, but only to a limited degree, the slipshod prose of Sir Walter's average style; they do not in general emulate the literary habits of Dickens, or Thackeray, who wrote from week to week, unconscious often of whither their heroes and heroines were tending, indifferent sometimes to the precise ending of their

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stories. When H. G. Wells sets out upon the history of Joan and Peter, when Compton Mackenzie tells the life story of Sylvia Scarlett, or Jeffery Farnol walks with his sturdy heroes upon the Broad Highway, it is presumed that the end is in sight from the beginning. But whether from actual design, or probably for temperamental reasons, these novelists maintain the old tradition.

At length, however, we appear to be on the verge of a productive period in novel writing, which shall bear in mind the art of blotting; we have not in the past been able to lay claim to a sense for order and form, restraint and discipline. Mr. H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett are as lawless as Dickens, but they have fewer followers to-day among the novelists than, let us say, John Galsworthy, who, from Flaubert and Maupassant, has arrived at the strong conviction that disciplined writing is essentially more effective than the Wellsian method, which scorns all boundaries to its fertility.

Examples of the newer methods in English fiction multiply steadily. Turgenev, so long neglected on the technical side in the nineteenth century, has come into his own: Flaubert and Maupassant are now more potent than Balzac or Dumas. A writer of the stamp of J. D. Beresford, to take an outstanding example, impresses one continually with evidences of a well-directed effort toward economy of means and careful balance in structure. He does not, indeed, seek painfully for the right word like Landor, 'with moroseness'; he is not, in the classical sense, an exact writer, but into the composition of his work he puts a conscientious striving after adequacy of style and general handling of the material at his disposal. Frank Swinnerton's most successful novel, *Nocturne*, owes its great merit to this same welcome tendency toward disciplined endeavor.

It may be argued that these attempts in a newer mode in English fiction are the production of men who have not that sweep of imagination, that inventive faculty, which distinguish some of their great predecessors. Yet it cannot be said of writers like Galsworthy and Beresford or their younger followers that they suffer from a mental constipation. They are not weaklings, eking out poor material in a stilted, precise manner. They have, obviously, ideas as to how a novel should be written; they strive to endow the English novel with that sense of logical development which is natural to the French, but about which, in the past, we seem to have cared or known nothing. And while never merely phrase makers, it is made their business to remember that distinction and individuality of style are, with few exceptions, as important as originality and freshness of material.

To whom will the novelists of the immediate future look for inspiration? It may safely be said that they will not neglect foreign literature, and it will be surprising if Dostoieffsky does not continue to hold a position of paramount importance. If one reviews the realistic fiction in English, of which there was more than sufficient for several years prior to 1914, one is struck by its narrowness of outlook. It was always provincial. Its characters, being practically always conditioned by the environment into which they were born, when transported from their surroundings and their times, are robbed of any vitality they ever possessed.

Happily for the future of English prose fiction, there are two authors, Henry James and Joseph Conrad, who stand to-day head and shoulders above the crowd of writers, and to them the

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beginner in the novel will pay ungrudging homage. Henry James has all those qualities of distinction and individuality to which reference has already been made. But it is his supreme gift to his fellows that, though he writes of the society of a particular century, in presenting, with a unique and magic subtlety, the springs and motives of human conduct he passes far beyond the limits of any narrow epoch; he is true to the human nature, not of one century but of all time. Can the same be said of Joseph Conrad? We venture to think that it can.

Joseph Conrad's tide of renown has risen slowly, but steadily. It was not until he wrote *Chance* that he was acclaimed by the great mass of readers. Yet this novel marked no decisive change in his methods or in his characteristic outlook on life. Artistically he was as sure of himself in the early *Almayer's Folly* as in his latest work, and his strength in handling artistic values, in representing emotional states has never wavered. But the real secret of Conrad's work lies not in clever construction only, or in his ability to conjure up for his readers characters of uncanny interest; the claim one makes for him is greater than that. Take from Conrad's character all that ghostly *mise-en-scene* with which he cunningly surrounds them, and you will find their emotions, their loves and hates and fears, ringing true to those great and permanent touchstones of human nature which are the peculiar possessions of no particular time or country. We believe that no student of English fiction can leave Joseph Conrad unread, and, even now, there is an abundance of evidence to show that he is a powerful influence on the novel. A great-hearted, generous man this Conrad, the most sincere and unassuming of all the moderns!

It will certainly be of first-rate value to English literature if those tendencies which are now showing themselves can come to full growth. If shapelessness can give place to form, if real individuality of style can be attained without reaching out toward grotesqueness, if sanity can accompany freshness of outlook, the gain will be immense. For the way of the world in these days is toward the inchoate. Happily, one can discern no Bolsheviki on the novel's horizon, and to all those who, in literature as in life, love moderation, repose, and sanity, this may be of some small cheer.

The Glasgow Herald

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THE HERETIC AND THE HOME VISITOR

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

An eloquent lady, one of the leaders of the Feminist movement, asked in thrilling tones the other day whether we were not all interested in the great cause of the humanization of women. To which the answer is that we are not; and it is possible that we preserve an equally detached attitude toward the doggifying of dogs, the elephantification of elephants, the gilding of gold, the painting of lilies, the transport of coals to Newcastle, and of water to the sea. Some of us have fancied that we could trace, even in the twilight time before the war, hints of something strangely human in the female appearance; an almost human look in the eyes, such as is so pathetic in the dog, or that almost automatic mimicry in the gestures which is so entertaining in the monkey. To these the humanization of women will come with less of a shock than it does to the leaders of the woman's movement; especially the lady who dignified and glorified her sex by the remarkable phrase I have quoted. But without going all lengths with that lady, I should be prepared to propose a compromise; in the form of a prayer for the humanization of some women. I will join in the suggestion of the poet to Lady Clara Vere de Vere, that she should pray heaven for a human heart; but not in his social programme for procuring one. For it is my experience that Lady Clara is far more inhuman when she is teaching the orphan girl to sew, than when she is humanly flirting with the foolish yeoman. And I am much more inclined to forgive her for the drifting irresponsibility of her relations with the young suicide (who at least had a mother to look after him) than for the deliberate insolence of the educational attitude which I fear she afterwards adopted toward the orphan boy when she was teaching him to read, and, only too probably, to read rubbish. In a sense, indeed, the whole of our modern social history took the wrong turning on that dreadful day, when Clara Vere de Vere took the advice of Tennyson.

It is especially, of course, the health visitors and baby welfare workers, now being discussed in a correspondence in the *New Statesman*, whom I should like to see restored to the human shape. But it is a mistake, though a common mistake, to suppose that the reform required is merely emotional, or what our opponents would call merely sentimental. We do not merely urge the health visitor to pray heaven for a human heart. We urge her, with yet more earnest gestures of entreaty, to pray heaven for a human head. When she writes such a letter, for instance, as that which appeared in the *New Statesman* signed H. D. Player, it is only my secondary or subsequent feeling that she would be improved by a little human charity or humility. It is rather the attribute of the human reason which I wish, in the first instance, to see added to her social gifts. It is that mysterious quality, really distinguishing us from monkeys and dogs, the rational power, which seems needed. I regret that such active social workers, as a class, are always ready to take any

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trouble so long as they are spared the trouble of thinking. While they have far too many plans and patterns in their practical arrangements, they always start thinking, or rather guessing and groping, without any plan whatever. And the proof of it is printed in their letters and articles; for they can never offer anything except strings of random and motley examples, small and big, important and unimportant, probable and improbable, of points on which they happen to disagree with poor parents about the management of their homes. Now anybody who likes to know where he is going, anyone who has the controversial map in his mind, knows that such a road leads downward and never ends. It is obvious that anybody at any time could suggest infinite shades of alteration in anybody else's family, as in anybody else's face. Both are cases of a balance of features or influences, about which tastes differ interminably. It is said that science has been doing wonderful work in the making of artificial faces; and it is already suggested that science should make artificial families.

Eugenists are playing the old game of matchmaking, purged of its more generous motives; but even a Eugenist cannot be such a fool as not to see that matchmaking is a matter of taste. Hitherto there has been a feeling that the family, like the face, had a right to find its own balance or be content with its own compromise. There has been a delicacy, in discussion with any gentleman, about the forcible alteration of his features, or even about any direct discussion or eager planning of any far-reaching reforms; any criticism on his face to his face. The too animated analysis of Mr. Brown's whiskers, in Mr. Brown's presence, is still thought uncivilized. Some hold that a woman may perhaps feel as much delicacy about her unique privilege of having a baby as a man about his unique privilege of growing a beard. But it is not such sentimental fancies that concern me here, but the simple fact that such criticism and modification must be endless. Every family among our friends and equals offers examples, often extreme examples, of things that we ourselves should do very differently. The logical process, if it be logical, must end in all middle-class people interfering with each other; in the Robinsons agitating against a child so excitable as little Tomkins sitting up to a champagne supper, and the Tomkinses preventing a boy so nervous as young Robinson from being sent into the navy. But the logical process will not be logical. It will not be carried out; for the perfectly simple reason that the supper is a champagne supper and that the naval career is that of a naval officer. The reason is snobbishness; and no man can suggest any other.

I will put a plain case and a clear challenge to those who deny that such a social reform is merely a snobbish reform. A mother of children, the wife of a great land-owner, told me with her own lips that she was, or was going to be, a Christian Scientist. She gave as her reason a conviction that the Christian Scientists were more purely spiritual than other people. When I made the obvious reply that even they could not be so purely spiritual as Satan, she laughed and seemed to entertain the extraordinary idea that it was a joke. That, however, is not the aspect of the matter which affects the point, which is this. Here is the whole huge apparatus of a Health Ministry, here is a vast machinery of medical intervention, inspection, and warning, armies of medical officers and health visitors sent out, if only to instruct and advise; and all on the

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possibility that people are not taking proper medical precautions or listening to proper medical counsel. And here is a woman who declares in two plain words that she will take no medical precautions; that she will listen to no medical counsel; that she will disregard all recognized rules of health; not occasionally and by accident, but, invariably, persistently and on principle. Even if the Health Ministry only existed to instruct, would not this be a case for instruction? Even if the 'home visitors' are only to persuade, is not this a home they ought to visit? And will anyone tell me at what time a 'home visitor' visited that great country house, in the middle of that great country estate, passed through the lodge gates and up the long elaborate avenue, penetrated the hierarchy of servants, and told the lady of the house that there was some reason to suppose that she was neglecting the medical side of 'mother-craft'? Would any of them do it, if the lady mentioned to-morrow in some magazine controversy or public speech (as she very possibly may) that she is a Christian Scientist? Would they do it then, though in effect she would have hung a notice on the lodge gates, and put a placard on the front door, saying 'I take no medical care of my children whatever'? I do not maintain their right to do so, for I think other things are involved for rich and poor alike; I do not even say that she would in practice prove a bad mother. Indeed, I think it most likely that she would, in fact, fall back on being a good mother by being a bad Christian Scientist. But that is because I have that romantic faith in motherhood, which is so earnestly rebuked; and hold that the rudiment of common sense, which I believe to survive the ravages of poverty, can even survive the ravages of wealth. But for the health visitor there is no escape; he (or she) must pass trembling through the lodge gates and up the long avenue. It is impossible to imagine any case where there is clearer reason to *suspect* that hygienic rules are being disregarded, than a case of a divinely inspired dogma by which they are flatly denied. There cannot conceivably be *any* case in which such negligence should be anticipated, if not in a case in which it is actually announced.

But the important point about such social reformers is not merely that they are crafty; it is that they are, in the most exact sense of the word, unprincipled. They have no principle, even of their own, about the rights of a home, or even about the rights of the home visitor. They merely nibble away like mice, and are as ignorant as mice both of the substance and the ownership of all they destroy. Some of them do it more gently than others; some of them, rather alarmed at the cruder confessions of 'H. D. Player,' have already begun to say that of course the thing must be done with tact and sympathy. It will be generally agreed that tact is a very necessary virtue in the profession of the spy, in international or internal affairs.

But the question we ask the international spy concerns not his social manner, but his social status. We want to know what is his *locus standi* in our country; and a similar question is not inconceivable concerning our house.

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SLEEPING HEROES

BY LOUISE F. FIELD

THE legend of the Sleeping Hero is common to many countries. One might suppose it to be one of those superstitions which advancing civilization leaves behind, but that we find it realized afresh in the continued refusal of some people to-day to believe in Lord Kitchener's death. No doubt the idea is intertwined with the very fabric of the human heart that there are natures too fine for failure. Of them, at least, the old question: 'Why hast Thou made all men for naught?' should not be asked. If clouds obscured their setting, poetical justice demands a new dawn; the world has a right to their service.

So long as fairyland was recognized as a 'something between heaven and hell,' the valley of Achor had its door of hope. Even the Catholic Church once gave her sanction to belief in a hero's return. Prayers were said for centuries at Grenoble, that the Chevalier Bayard might be allowed to come back before the general resurrection, so that the world might be trained in the principles and practice of chivalry. The fact is interesting also as an authoritative pronouncement that Catholicism did not see in the spirit of chivalry the spirit of Antichrist.

The sleeping hero seems to differ from the sublimated beings whom the pagan invoked as demi-gods and the mediæval churchman as saints. The Roman was 'aware of a stately pair' when Castor and Pollux were seen heading his phalanx, and the Spaniard — despite the statement of certain modern historians that the battle itself is mythical — holds to this day the belief that once, at least, St. James on a white horse turned defeat into victory for his country. But these glorified personages vanished as they came, while the hero was to return 'in the face and the form that we knew.' Scholars may see in the Red Indian Hiawatha a Western Adonis whose marriage with the Laughing Water meant fertility for the soil. But the myth probably floated in the air till attached to the story of a too-mortal chief, who should return from happy hunting-grounds in a winged canoe such as brought Pale-faces from the Sunrise. He it was who should then teach the arts of peace that avert famine, while, as of old, leading his tribe to war and protecting their village and their hunting.

In this, as in all the legends, it is some supreme day of national crisis that is to rouse the sleeping hero. The world's Armageddon should surely have given back one leader, at least, to every combatant nation. Serbia, for instance, could hardly wait for a darker hour than that of her recent devastation to recall Marco Kraljevic (King's son), whom legend declared to have survived the grim day of Kossovo. King Vukasin, his father, fell at the Marica, in 1371, after long war with the Turk, and Marco continued the struggle till that seemingly final defeat. Then despair seized upon him as upon the dying Roland. He cast his mace into the sea, and drove his sword into the living rock, where it has been guarded ever since by his adopted

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fairy-sister, the Villa Raviyoyla, who also watches his sleep. But through the ensuing centuries the sword has been slowly rising from the rock, and when it is completely free the hour of Marco's waking and of the final liberation of Serbia will have come.

The fairy lady, the matchless sword, and the promised waking of the hero naturally remind us of our own Arthur, of Excalibur, and the pale Queens. If

> the island valley of Avilion,
> Where never falleth rain nor any hail,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly,

is to be identified with Glastonbury, it may be whispered that the poet had not seen the Somerset lowlands on a day when March wind drives fruit-blossom petals before it and raises dust-devils on the long, high road. The courtly spirit of Lord Tennyson suggested a reincarnation of the hero in the rather prosaic form of the Prince Consort as

> Scarce other than mine own ideal knight.

Some Serbians may with more romantic appositeness have seen a return of their hero Marco, though outside their own border, in Mirko of Montenegro. National ballads delighted to call Mirko the 'sword of Montenegro'; sober history calls him its Lysander and Tyrtæus. The national army at the battle of Grahovo, in 1858, was led by Mirko in the absence of his brother, Danilo, in Paris. Mirko, in fact, was the elder brother, but had been passed over, in 1851, in his brother's favor, and was content to serve his country as President of the Senate. Danilo's inaction during the Crimean war had made him unpopular with the people. The Sultan had vainly offered bribes. The crisis came in the May of 1858, when Mirko took command of the army, and found 7,000 Turks encamped on the plain, like the French at Sedan. His own 4,500 held the rocky defiles above, yet he made a last bid for peace, sending his brother's secretary a six-hours' journey for the purpose. The envoy was captured, but the outcome was the destruction of half the Turkish force at small loss to the Montenegrins. But despite the sixty battles of his campaigns, into one of which Mirko went after a meal of a few pears, his daughter fighting by his side, the inevitable end was a convention with Turkey in which Mirko's banishment was one of the articles. Before this Danilo had been assassinated, and Mirko once more passed over, this time in favor of his own son, Nicholas. His expulsion, however, was not insisted on, and Mirko turned to the arts of peace, wrote verses, planted rice and coffee, and ultimately died of cholera in his son's arms. His widow, Stana, lived till 1895.

If this were indeed reincarnation, the hero's return served a good purpose. Other sleepers seem to have been undecided as to the right time for their return. Owen Glendower, surrounded in his lifetime by supposed portents, owed something of the weird power of his personality to his startling habit of appearing suddenly in unexpected places. The faith that so great a leader would return was strengthened by the fact that the places of his death and burial were never surely known. It was, accordingly, characteristic that some time after his passing he should be seen by the Abbot of Valle Crucis as he walked meditating in the fields at dawn.

'You have risen early, Father,' said the vision.

'No, my son,' replied the imperturbable monk; 'it is you who have risen too soon — by a hundred years.'

And Glendower vanished.

Rebel chief as he was, with all the

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qualifications of the hero of whom such a bard as Iolo of the Red Mantle should sing, history remembers Owen Glendower now rather as the far-seeing statesman and social reformer. 'His true claim to greatness,' says Mr. Owen Edwards, 'lay in his attempt to create out of the disorder' of his time, 'with its chaotic law, with its angry passions, with its selfish aims, a nation with settled institutions and high ideals.' Among those institutions, Owen desired a Welsh-speaking clergy, and a Church reformed and connected, as in England, with the State; as well as a revival of learning, to be assisted by a Welsh University. This last was no wild dream; a dozen Universities were founded in Europe in his lifetime. Dare we suggest that something, at least, of this hero lives again in Mr. Lloyd George?

Welshmen who refused to believe Glendower to be gone forever had in Merlin another hero tranced by fairy power. The Siege Perilous of the forest of Broceliande had swallowed up both him and his wisdom, till such time as destiny should choose to call him back. There was also a younger dream-hero. In 1369, in reward for good service to France, Charles V gave a fleet to Owen Lawgoch, 'heir to the Crown of Wales,' hero of Welsh legend, but a pathetic and futile figure in history. It was December when Owen sailed from Harfleur and rough weather drove him back. Fresh hopes were budding when, in 1378, Owen Glendower being then nineteen, Owen Lawgoch was murdered at Mortagne-sur-Mer by John Lambe, an English emissary.

Another of the sleeping heroes especially notable as brilliant failures is Sebastian of Portugal. 'It is all over for my country, but at least I die with her,' said Camoens on hearing of the king's death, at a time when he himself was dying in exile, and in a poverty so extreme that only the begging of a faithful Javanese servant kept him alive. That was in 1578, and before half-a-dozen years had passed two false pretenders to Sebastian's name had been exposed. Yet about 1584, a tiler's son, named Sebastiao Gonzales, claimed to be the king, and was supported by a self-styled Bishop of Guarda. The pretender was sent to the galleys, the 'bishop' was hanged. Nevertheless, in the next year, one Mattheus Alvarez, traded on a personal resemblance, obtained money from a rich farmer whom he created Count de Torras Novas, promising also to marry his daughter, and the royal troops were confronted by a supporting force of 800 men. Once again, in 1603, twenty-five years after Sebastian had fallen in Africa, at El Kasr-el-Kebir, Marco Tullio, a Calabrian peasant who actually could not speak Portuguese, claimed his identity, declaring that he had escaped from the battlefield and had lived as a hermit in Sicily. The Portuguese in Venice believed his tale; and when banished to Padua by demand of the Spanish ambassador, and at Florence, and in the galleys to which he was consigned, the pretender made so many adherents that finally he was executed. As for Sebastian himself — fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a Hapsburg lip, fatherless at birth, king at three, king-regnant at fourteen, melancholy dreamer, who longed to go crusading, and felt that *un bel morir tutta la vita honora* — it was an ill day for Portugal when he gave his power into the hands of an unfit Prime Minister and his mind to visions of crushing the Moor. A project of marriage with Marguerite of Navarre was abandoned for a dream of commanding the Portuguese forces in India. At nineteen he went off from a hunting party for wild raids against the

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Moors in Africa. Presently, for a more serious expedition, he sought help from the Pope, and received an arrow of St. Sebastian from Philip II of Spain, and the promise of his daughter's hand, and of 5,000 men. This last promise was withdrawn, however, when the Duke of Alva opined that 15,000, at least, would be needed for effective warfare. It was not surprising that 9,000 of Sebastian's hastily raised force of mercenaries and raw levies were killed at Kasr-el-Kebir. But though Philip of Spain brought home the body the people doubted his death. 'What can you do,' said Lord Tyrawley, two centuries later, to the English House of Lords, 'with a nation half of whom expect the Messiah, the other half their king, dead two hundred years?'

Mention of the Calabrian claimant reminds us of the long-cherished hopes of peasants in the Romagna that Cæsar Borgia — of all men! — to them a splendid and generous lord, would return again. When, in 1517, the Borgia fell after desperate flight in a dry river bed, his body, pierced by twenty wounds, was stripped for plunder, and so mutilated as only to be recognized by Juanito, his faithful page, 'because of his great love.' The young widow, Charlotte d'Albret, mourned her lord in a *chambre ardente* hung ever with black, in the Castle of La Motte Feuillée; and of the Apennine peasants M. Sinkiewicz relates that 'Long they refused to believe him dead, but waited for him as a god who should some day return and establish justice in the land, cast down tyrants, and defend the poor.'

It was on a river bank also that the gold shoes of Roderick, 'Last of the Goths,' and the carcass of his drowned charger, Orelia, were found. Whether in fact the waters of the Guadalete washed his body out to sea, or whether the beaten king turned hermit and died at last under his dreadful penance of slow devouring by snakes, posterity cannot judge. What is certain is that he had made a personal enemy of Count Julian, Governor of Ceuta, the one Gothic fortress in Spain saved from the Saracens, and it was Julian who advised the Mahometan Musa to attempt the conquest of Spain. When 12,000 men, under the Berber Chief Tarik, landed at the rock that was called after him Jebel Tarik (Gibraltar) Roderick's southern governor, Theudemer, sent for help to his master, then fighting rebel Basques. The fate of a week-long battle at Xeres de la Frontera, where Roderick led 100,000 men, in purple robe, gold crown, and shoes, driving in his white-horsed chariot of ivory, was settled after some days by treachery. The two commanders of the wings of Roderick's army were the sons of King Witica, whom he had blinded and murdered in revenge for his own father's death. Eventually, the green flag of the prophet waved from the towers of Toledo, but Spaniards still hoped that Roderick would return and champion the Cross to victory.

Dietrich, or Theodoric, sleeps 'till the Turk shall water his horses in the Rhine.' The tomb of Theodoric in Sta. Maria della Rotonda at Ravenna, where he was buried in splendor, in 526, exists still, but unless the skeleton in golden armor, found in 1854 in a rough grave not far off, was his, no man knows his true sepulchre. Nor have the learned finally decided whether Theodoric and Dietrich of Bern, hero of a saga-cycle not less fine than that of Siegfried, though never turned to similar literary account, are absolutely identical. At least, the jejune historical facts of Theodoric's life are interesting enough. A Goth educated at Constantinople, who erected instead

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of destroying public buildings, and funded money for their upkeep, Theodoric was also an Arian. Consequently, Catholic priests were responsible for varied reports of his fate. His body was carried off by the Evil One, and thrown into a volcano, or the same agency carried him to a desert to fight dragons till the Day of Judgment, or he rode to Hell on a black horse, or on stormy nights he rushed through mountain village streets with Wotan's wild huntsmen. To his persecution of Boethius the world owes *The Consolations of Philosophy*. In the light of recent warfare, Theodoric's march from Central Germany to the Isonzo, there to crush Odoacer's pretensions to rule Italy, is interesting: a year-long trek of 250,000 persons, including the families of his soldiers, besides much cattle.

Legends, too, hung round the personality of Ogier of Ardenne, whose name has sometimes been corrupted into Algar the Dane. Ardenne-mark, Dane-mark, Denmark is the easy process. Nieuport on the Yser is the birthplace of the hero whom Morgane-la-Fée hides in the customary fairy-fashion, and until the present war, in the patronal feasts of Huy, near Dinant-sur-Meuse, the figure of Ogier with lance in fist headed the procession of giants, the Four Sons of Aymon, with the hero-horse, Bayard. The twelfth-century poem of Raimbert de Paris records his *gestes*, his expeditions to conquer Paynims, his return from the gates of Paradise just in time for a tourney at Huy, his founding of monasteries, and other peerless generosities. From Ogier descended Baldwin Bras-de-Fer, and his cousin was Charlemagne, who after his reign of forty-six years took his rest, in 814, in the great Church of Aix-la-Chapelle. The embalmed body — or the tranced sleeper — seventy-one years of age, and a warrior even in his seventieth year, was seated on a golden chair, wearing golden sword and chain, and crown, with a piece of the True Cross, a golden volume of the Gospels on his knee.

Wise leader and great soldier, representing a culture far in advance of his day, it is no wonder that, as the chronicle records, 'No words can express the lament and sorrow that arose over his death, even by the heathen he was mourned as father of the world,' and some day he was expected to awake and arise. In 1165, Frederick Barbarossa opened Charlemagne's vault. He, too, according to the legend which Rückert has enshrined in verse, sleeps in the Castle of Kyffhaüsen, in Thuringia, robed and crowned, and throned on an ivory chair, before the marble table into which his flame-colored beard has actually grown. He still lives:

Er ist niemahls gestorben,
Er lebt darin noch jetzt;
Er hat im Schlosz verborgen,
Zum Schlaf sich hingesetzt.

But now and then his sleep is broken: he beckons to a page, who is sent to see if the old ravens still fly round the mountain, for if they do another century's sleep must pass before the Kaiser can rise to save his country.

More often broken is the mystic sleep of the Irish Earl Gerald under the Rath of Mullaghmast. Here, in 1577, some hundreds of Irish, 'well affected' to England, were put to the sword, 'most dishonorably,' says Captain Lee in his memorial to Queen Elizabeth, 'by the consent and practice of the Lord Deputy for the time being.' Once in seven years Earl Gerald wakes and rides round the Curragh of Kildare, on a horse shod with silver shoes. When the shoes are worn thin, a miller's son with six fingers will blow a blast on his horn and Earl Gerald

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will conquer the English and be proclaimed king. (Sinn Feiners, please note)!

The rosy-cheeked, woolen-comforted English boy who sings outside frosted English windows of good King Wenceslaus and his doings 'on the Feast of Stephen' sings a version happier than the real truth. Wenzel of Bohemia at the end of the tenth century was in worse case than Arthur, for his pagan foes included those of his own household. Only the Pope's command had prevented him from abdicating, and entering a monastery. His grandmother, Ludmila, was a Christian, but his mother, Drahomira, and his brother Wratislav, headed the heathen party, and the Christmas-tide banquet was so full of muttered wrath that the king rose, and made his way barefoot to the Benedictine church. He was attended only by his faithful squire, Podiven, shivering with cold, if not with fear. The tenderness of heart that could spare thought in that dread hour to bid the lad find warmth in his own footprints, testifies to the saintly character of the king. He was pursued, and murdered before the altar, and in 997 Ludmila and Podiven were also martyred. Poetical justice declared that Drahomira perished in an earthquake. In the end, when violent oscillations of belief gave way to the acceptance of Christianity, the bones of Archbishop Adalbert, another martyr, were brought in triumph to Blanik for burial beside those of Wenzel, and his banner and Wenzel's spear were long carried before the army, with a war-cry of trust in 'the Holy Martyrs.' Legend, however, maintained that the king was safely hidden to await better times.

The list of sleepers might, no doubt, be added to. Legends that Robert Bruce had not really died were current, despite the other legend of his heart being cast by Douglas into the fray between Alonzo of Castile and a Moorish host with the cry 'Go first, as thou wert wont to do.' But, in truth, evidence of death counted for very little. The burning of Joan of Arc was a public ceremony, but Mr. Andrew Lang has told the story of more than one most plausible and carefully-coached impostor who traded on the idea that some common criminal had been substituted for the Maid. The cruelty of her death seemed impossible, and similarly, to another age, the cruelty of the murders of sleeping child-princes appeared incredible, so that Perkin Warbeck won more adherents than Arthur Orton. Indeed, but for the discovery of Warbeck's authenticated letter to his mother in Flanders some modern historians might be willing to hold a brief for him.

Our day of Armageddon proved powerless to waken any hero in the identity promised by old legend. Halfway between the attitude of the modern poet and the old ballad singer is, perhaps, that which is shown in the lament put by the nineteenth-century poet Clarence Mangan into the mouths of the sixteenth-century mourners for the Irish patriot-hero, Owen Roe O'Neill, in which the spiritual desolation has no overtone of hope:

We thought you would not die, we were sure you could not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow;
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky,
O, why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

For now a belief in reincarnation is widespread, and hope feels out toward a growing clarity of communication with a Choir Invisible who may work through suggestion while biding their time to return. Have some, indeed, already come back unrecognized, under new names?

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THE SPIRITUAL CRISIS OF FRANCE

BY PAUL VALÉRY

We civilizations now know that we are mortal. We had heard tell of whole worlds vanished, of empires gone to the bottom with all their engines; sunk to the inexplorable bottom of the centuries with their gods and their laws, their academies, their science, pure and applied; their grammars, their dictionaries, their classics, their romantics and their symbolists, their critics and their critics' critics. We knew well that all the apparent earth is made of ashes, and that ashes have a meaning. We perceived, through the mists of history, phantoms and huge ships laden with riches and spiritual things. We could not count them. But these wrecks, after all, were no concern of ours.

Elam, Ninevah, Babylon, were vague and lovely names, and the total ruin of these worlds meant as little to us as their very existence. But France, England, Russia . . . these would also be lovely names. Lusitania also is a lovely name. And now we see that the abyss of history is large enough for everyone. We feel that a civilization is as fragile as a life. Circumstances which would send the works of Baudelaire and Keats to rejoin the works of Menander are no longer in the least inconceivable; they are in all the newspapers.

That is not all. The burning lesson is still more complete. It was not enough for our generation to learn by its own experience how the most beautiful things and the most ancient, the most formidable and the best ordered, may perish by an accident; it has seen, in the realm of thought, common sense, and feeling, extraordinary phenomena arise, brusque realizations of paradoxes, brutal contradictions of the evidence.

I will quote but a single example. The great virtues of the German peoples have produced more evils than laziness ever produced vices. We have seen — seen with our own eyes — conscientious work, the most solid education, the most serious discipline and application, adapted to fearful designs.

So many horrors would have been impossible without so many virtues. Without doubt, it needed much science to kill so many men, waste so many possessions, and annihilate so many towns in so little time; but it needed no less *moral qualities*. Are Knowledge and Duty then suspect?

Thus the spiritual Persepolis is ravaged equally with the material Susa. All is not lost, but everything has felt itself perish.

An extraordinary tremor has run through the spinal marrow of Europe. It has felt, in all its thinking substance, that it recognized itself no longer, that it no longer resembled itself, that it was about to lose consciousness — a consciousness acquired by centuries of tolerable disasters, by thousands of men of the first rank, by geographical, racial, historical chances innumerable.

Then — as though for a desperate defense of its psychological being and heritage — all its memory returned confusedly to it. Its great men and its great books returned pell-mell. Never

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has so much been read or so passionately as during the war; ask the booksellers. Never has so much prayer been offered, nor so fervently; ask the priests. All the saviors have been called upon, all the protectors, all the martyrs, all the heroes, the fathers of countries, the holy heroines, the national poets. . . .

And, in the same mental disorder, at the summons of the same anguish, cultivated Europe has experienced the rapid resuscitation of its innumerable thoughts: dogmas, philosophies, heterogeneous ideals; the three hundred ways of explaining the world, the thousand and one nuances of Christianity, the score of positivisms: the whole spectrum of intellectual light has displayed its incompatible colors, illuminating with a strange, contradictory gleam the agony of the European soul. While the inventors feverishly sought in their diagrams, in the records of former wars, methods of getting free of barbed wire, of deceiving submarines, or paralyzing the flight of aeroplanes, the soul invoked all the transcendent powers at once, pronounced all the incantations it knew, seriously pondered the most bizarre prophecies; it sought refuges, signs, consolations in the whole gamut of memories, of inward acts, and ancestral attitudes. And these are the familiar effects of anxiety, the disordered enterprises of the brain which runs from the real to the nightmare, and from the nightmare to the real, like a frenzied rat caught in a trap.

The military crisis is perhaps at an end; the economic crisis is visibly at its zenith; but the intellectual crisis, more subtle, which in its very nature takes on the most deceptive appearances (since it takes place in the very kingdom of dissimulation) — it is with difficulty that we can seize the true centre, the exact phase, of this crisis.

No one can say who will be dead or living to-morrow in literature, in philosophy, in æsthetics. No one yet knows what ideas and what modes of expression will be posted as missing, or what novelties will be proclaimed. True, hope remains, softly singing:

Et cum vorandi vicerit libidinem
Late triumphat imperator spiritus. . . .

But hope is only the being's mistrust of the precise previsions of its mind. It suggests that every conclusion unfavorable to the being *must* be an error of its mind. The facts, however, are clear and pitiless: there are thousands of young writers and young artists who are dead. There is the lost illusion of a European culture, and the demonstration of the impotence of knowledge to save anything whatever; there is science, mortally wounded in its moral ambitions, and, as it were, dishonored by its applications; there is idealism, victor with difficulty, grievously mutilated, responsible for its dreams; realism, deceived, beaten, with crimes and misdeeds heaped upon it; covetousness and renunciation equally put out; religions confused among the armies, Cross against Cross, Crescent against Crescent; there are the skeptics themselves, disconcerted by events so sudden, so violent, and so moving, which play with our thoughts as a cat with a mouse — the skeptics lose their doubts, re-discover them, lose them again, and can no longer make use of the movement of their minds.

The rolling of the ship has been so heavy that at the last the best-hung lamps have been upset.

What gives the spiritual crisis its depth and gravity is the state of the patient. I have neither time nor power to describe the intellectual condition of Europe in 1914. Who would dare to trace a picture of that condition? The

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subject is immense; it demands knowledge of all degrees and infinite information. Moreover, when such a complex ensemble is in question, the difficulty of reconstituting the past, even the most recent, is quite comparable with the difficulty of constructing the future, even the most immediate; or, rather, the difficulty is the same. The prophet is in the same quandary as the historian. Let us leave them there.

But at present I need only the vague and general memory of what was being thought on the eve of the war, the researches that were being made, the works that were being published. If I refrain from all detail and limit myself to a rapid impression, to the *natural sum* given by an instantaneous perception, I see — *nothing*. Nothing, though it was an infinitely rich nothing.

The physicists tell us that if our eye could exist in a furnace made incandescent it would see nothing. No luminous inequality remains to distinguish points of space. This formidable energy being enclosed ends in invisibility, in an insensible equality. An inequality of this kind is nothing but disorder in its perfect state.

Of what was this disorder of our mental Europe made? Of the free co-existence in all cultivated minds of the most heterogeneous ideas, of the most opposite principles of life and knowledge. That is the characteristic of a 'modern' epoch.

I have no objection to generalizing the notion of 'modern' and to giving this name to a certain mode of existence, instead of making it a mere synonym for 'contemporary.' There are in history moments and places where we 'moderns' might introduce ourselves without excessively disturbing their harmony, and without appearing infinitely curious, infinitely conspicuous objects, shocking, discordant, impossible to assimilate. Where our entry would make the least sensation, there we are almost at home. It is clear that the Rome of Trajan and the Alexandria of the Ptolemies would absorb us more easily than many localities less remote in time, but more specialized in a single type of manners and entirely devoted to a single race, a single culture, and a single system of life.

The Europe of 1914 had, perhaps, arrived at the limit of this modernism. Every brain of a certain rank was a market-place for all races of opinion; every thinker a Great Exhibition of thoughts. There were works of the intellect whose richness in contrasts and contradictory impulses made one think of the insane lighting effects of the capitals of that age: the eyes burn and are bored. . . . How much material, how much work, calculation, how many plundered centuries, how many heterogeneous lives summed together, were necessary to make the carnival possible and to enthrone it as a form of the supreme wisdom and as a triumph of humanity?

In a given book of that period — not one of the most mediocre — one can find without effort a Russian-ballet influence, a little of Pascal's sombre style, many impressions of the Goncourt type, something of Nietzsche, something of Rimbaud, certain effects due to converse with painters, and something of the tone of scientific publications — the whole perfumed with a British *je ne sais quoi* difficult to measure! Let us observe in passing that in each of the ingredients of this mixture one could find other *elements*. It is useless to hunt them out. That would mean repeating what I have said on modernism and writing the whole mental history of Europe.

From an immense terrace of Elsinore which extends from Basle to Cologne, and touches the sands of Nieuport,

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the marshes of the Somme, the chalk of Champagne, and the granite of Alsace, the Hamlet of Europe now looks upon millions of ghosts.

But he is an intellectual Hamlet. He meditates upon the life and death of truths. All the objects of our controversies are his phantoms; all the titles of our glory are his remorse; he is weighed down under the burden of discoveries, of knowledge, of methods and of books, incapable of renouncing and incapable of resuming this unlimited activity. He dreams of the ennui of beginning the past again, and of the madness of desiring always to create a new thing. He sways between the two abysses, for two dangers still threaten the world — order and disorder.

If he picks up a skull, it is a famous skull. Whose was it? This was Leonardo. He invented the flying man; but the flying man has not exactly served the intentions of the inventor. We know that the flying man mounted on his great swan — *il grande uccello sopra del dosso del suo magnio cecero* — is in our day employed otherwise than in fetching snow from the mountain-tops to scatter it over city streets in the dog days. . . . And this second skull is Leibnitz, who dreamed of universal peace. And this was Kant, who begat Hegel, who begat Marx, who begat. . . .

Hamlet hardly knows what to do with all these skulls. But if he leaves them! . . . Will he cease to be himself? His terribly clairvoyant mind contemplates the transition from war to peace. This transition is more obscure, more dangerous, than the transition from peace to war. All the peoples are troubled by it. And I, he says, I, the European intellect, what shall I become? And what is peace? Peace is perhaps the condition of things in which the natural hostility of man to man is expressed in creations instead of in the destructions that war engenders. It is the period of creative competition, and the struggle of productions. But I, am I not tired of producing? Have I not exhausted the desire of desperate attempts, and have I not abused learned concoctions? Must I put aside my difficult duties and my transcendental ambitions? Must I follow the movement and do like Polonius, who is now editor of a great newspaper; like Laertes, who is something in the flying line; like Rosencrantz, who is doing heaven knows what under a Russian name?

Farewell, ghosts! The world needs you no longer, nor me. The world, which calls by the name of 'progress' its tendency toward a fatal precision, marches on from Taylorization to Taylorization. Still a certain confusion reigns, but it will soon be cleared away, and we shall see appear a miracle of animal society, a perfect and final ant-heap.

The Athenæum

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A FALLEN CHURCH

BY H. BAGENAL

On active service, there are times when the Fates, in a kind of caprice, restore to a man a few hours of his former life. Without premeditation, almost without volition, he finds arrangements easy to make — obstacles fallen away, sergeant-major in a good humor, and himself a free man for a while and in sole possession of his own mind. An interlude of this kind befell me on a day in the fine summer of 1915. I found myself about noon on an army bicycle, riding an unknown road toward a high church tower on the horizon.

The road turned and twisted, as it were, to provide the longest rather than the shortest route between town and town. But this did not throw me out of my direction. The church tower rose on a flat land, and behind me, lessening in size but always unmistakable, stretched a row of *peupliers du Canada*, from one horizon to another, lifted high in line and marking the embankment of a canal. That canal was my landmark, and under a particularly tall *peuplier* lay my billet.

The wheels of my bicycle went round, leaving a little wake of dust like the half-thoughts that rose and subsided in my mind at the sights before me. Was it true, or not true, to say that I was almost happy? The French countryside lay like a new open book, filled with farm-houses, orchards, playing children, stirring animals — the familiar fairy tale of life, but with new and enchanting illustrations. And other beings besides myself seemed not uninterested in life. A party of English soldiers on their way to brigade baths waved their towels in the air, a couple of French Territorials in blue overcoats nodded in a friendly manner as I passed, a lark sang overhead: and, in those days, only a few of us had been killed.

There is this difference between a French and English countryside: the French bears unmistakably upon it the marks of the labor of a nation. The roads were rutted by carved and ancient farm wagons that came slowly round the corners drawn by heavy teams clanking their chains. The handles of pumps were worn; the well-head had its shrine. On the sacred tree at a crossroad, countless little wooden crosses were nailed in various stages of decay, and each cross told that a funeral had passed that way. But, above all, the chief record was the number of small farms and cottages along the road. And these cornfields and orchards are owned, not rented, by the people who work in them. If one of these small farm-houses could speak its secret one would not have to read De Tocqueville.

As I rode, I recalled English counties I knew and loved. Where was one that bore a similar record? Or, to what building could I have gone to hear the secret of a whole nation? For a moment, I saw in my mind a rolling pasture land divided not into farms, but into parks, shaded by oak and chestnut, and intersected by stately avenues. Should I listen at the chimneys of Hatfield House and hear

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all the secrets of all the Cecils? No; I would go rather to a bleak valley of the West Riding: to some old mill whose whinstone sides had blackened for two centuries in rain and in the smoke of its own shafts, whose doors had once received child laborers, had been battered many times by mobs, and had opened again to starving men and women. That old mill might tell me of England what this small farm could tell me of France.

But by this time the church tower, the object of my ride, had grown taller; and, glancing behind me, I saw that the line of *peupliers du Canada* had dwindled to the size of a tall hedge. Turning a corner, I came without warning into a village quite full of English motor-lorries all being polished by motor-transport men.

I dismounted and entered a shop, the door of which gave a little tinkle as I opened it. I found myself standing alone in a pleasant gloom that smelled of spice. All kinds of objects were around and above me, and presently I could read the labels on wide drawers, with button handles, covering the wall in front of me. Above the drawers stood boxes and tin canisters of antique shape, and above those again, in and from the ceiling, lurked and depended a variety of articles that passed my wit to discern.

Presently, a little glass door opened behind the counter, and a girl with a black apron entered and nodded. 'How is it,' I thought, 'that she comes through the door and shuts it behind her as though this were a drawing-room and not a shop?'

In reply to my request, she stood on tiptoe to reach a wooden box, and, when she had placed it on the counter, she gave me a long look and began to ask questions. She had brown, smooth hair, and gray eyes capable of opening very wide, and, as she listened carefully to my replies, I could see her eyes responding to every word.

'Moi, j'admire beaucoup les chocolats français! . . .'

I said *chocolats*, but of course I meant *mam'selles*. She often laughed and corrected my French, and her questions were more numerous than my answers.

'Vous connaissez Londres? Pouvez-vous lire des livres français? Vous êtes marié? Vous avez de petits enfants?'

'Mais oui, trois petits, appelés Praline, Truffe, et Nougat; Nougat, c'est un garçon.'

She shook with laughter, and called through the door, 'Marie, Marie, voici un monsieur anglais . . . qui a trois petits, appelés Praline, Truffe, et Nougat; Nougat c'est un garçon.'

'Mais la petite Praline,' I continued, 'is a sweet creature, her father's favorite, d'une grande délicatesse.'

It was pleasant to see her laugh, but I was fain to give the talk a serious turn. I asked if she knew who was the architect of the big church at Merville, I could see across the fields. To have asked such a question in an English village of a girl capable of laughing so heartily at such jokes would have been folly. But this was France, not England. It took but the time of my question for her brows to become serious. She replied immediately. 'S. Pierre de Merville? Mais oui — Monsieur Cordonnier.' She also explained that he had built their own little church in the village. After this, I spoke to her earnestly about architecture, and it came about that she and an elderly lady, her mother, invited me presently into the little parlor behind the shop. I was pressed to sit down and drink a bowl of coffee. A younger girl sat on a high chest against the wall, reading a large engraved volume of *La Fille du Capitaine*. She looked

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at me solemnly when I entered, listened for a while to any further answers I might make, and then again became absorbed in *La Fille du Capitaine*.

The girls' mother — a lady with a cultivated face and handsome figure — told me that her son had wished to become an architect, but that now of course he was in the army. He was a devout Catholic. Was I a Catholic — so interested in churches? No; I was an architect.

Was not England a very rich place, and did they not build many churches there? She had always heard that London was so large a town that it took a day's journey to go from one end to the other; but that the *gendarmes anglais* were *trés amables*, and all the young women desired to marry them.

I sipped my coffee and tried to answer all the questions as fully as I could. The elder daughter sat at the table with her head between her hands, watching me intently. When she spoke, it was with animation, and then her mother was careful not to interrupt, but looked toward me as if to convey that her daughter understood all these things better than herself. Presently she sat down on a chair with a little sigh.

An old clock on the wall made a loud ticking sound in the pauses of our talk; the pleasant smell of spice invaded the room from the shop and mingled with the fragrance of chicory and dry herbs that hung above the stove. The younger girl still read her book, and doubtless was already deeply concerned for Peter Andreivitch; but the elder, as though she expected more from life than from books, continued to look at me with eyes terrible in their youthfulness, and seemed to appeal unconsciously for an answer to all the questions in the world.

The scene sank into my mind and will ever remain there. Yet it lasted scarcely an hour. I promised them to return some day if it were possible: but it never was possible. They remain among a small company of French people whom I can never truly thank for the simplest and finest of gifts.

I entered the outskirts of Merville and, with a kind of triumph, stood presently at the foot of the building which had lured me for so long.

I hastened to enter by one of the three great western portals significant in French churches. Crossing the narthex in semi-darkness, I made my way into the nave through one of the three large archways corresponding to the doors. I felt like one who, deprived for a long while of orchestral music, should await the opening bars of a symphony.

At first all was gloom. Then the eternal parental forms became perceptible. Three great bays stood before me in a shadowy perspective with a deep void beyond the arch of the crossing. Then my eye crept up the lines of support and discerned great roof-ribs overhead. Wonder of wonders, here, at a height of sixty feet from the ground, was modern six-celled vaulting! *De l'audace*, indeed! Here, in a small provincial town, a modern architect had dared to compete with the great Anglo-Norman choir of Durham. Constructionally, as an engineering feat alone — for modern masons — such vaults to a span of forty feet were marvelous; but æsthetically the result struck me as being successful. The nervous, carefully-adjusted curves of the great transverse ribs, attained in old work by centuries of slow settlement, appeared to be here. The strength, scale, and magnificence of the whole interior caused me to think of the Thermæ of Rome; but there was something else — an idealism as of young Christianity. Under vaults akin to these, at Milan, the first plain-

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song of Ambrose had been chanted. How had such an æsthetic religious effect been produced by the modern architect?

The true church architect is he who can stand in a position truly related to all the great formulæ of Christianity: a position difficult enough in the modern world, related, as he must be, to applied science, to the mind of man, and to God. For he must maintain also his independence as an artist. He may fail, and become but a stage manager for priests. He may succeed, and build — as Bentley has done at Westminster — a cathedral like a window on the Eternal Mind, where all refractions of God may be recognized and worshiped.

Standing under these vaults, I realized the task they embodied. The church itself recalled to me that cathedral of Bentley's at Westminster. I had no choice but to compare the two. Both builders had taken the essential Roman as a basis for design, and each, at a point, had diverged — the one into the Western, the other into the Eastern, development. Here, was Ravenna; at Westminster, Byzantium.

In both churches, the nave consists of three bays, beyond which there is a crossing, and beyond that again, an apsed chancel. The French church was smaller in all dimensions, yet so skillful in its scale that, at first, only its length appeared unequal. Bentley, with the English tradition behind him, has contrived so that his crossing reads also in the length of the church, thereby making a fourth bay; but here the crossing arch is a distinct and fine feature ending the nave. The horizontal lines, so important to English eyes, are just emphasized here by the triforium arcade. This arcade is blind, and gives on to the nave by three equal doors in each half-bay and, with its little columns and deep arches, forms a perfectly continuous gallery the length of the nave. Below this gallery, there runs a strong, beautifully carved string of acanthus leaves, formalized, and in harmony with the Corinthic caps of the columns.

But, as in all French building, the vertical conception remained the most perfect. The piers, and multiples of piers, go up to the roof-ribs in inevitable stately lines. Reading upward between them, behold first the intermediate columns revealing and concealing the jeweled aisle-windows behind; above them the three triforium doors with their delicacy and deep shadow; and then, high in air, the two pale-tinted clerestory lights, married under the great vault whose ribs are bowed, like the back of Atlas, to support, to cover, and to protect the beauty and holiness beneath them.

The small stained-glass windows — the work of MM. Grusset and Gaudin — were a revelation of how modern stained glass can be used in a building. The whole cavelike interior was colorless except for these windows. Standing under the arch of the crossing I looked diagonally across the nave and saw a fine sight. In the dead white of the limestone walls these windows, all harmonized in color, looked like gems in a setting of moonlight. Now, along the west aisle, they were taking the level rays of the sun and casting little rainbows hither and thither. But, once beyond the chancel arch, I became conscious of a defect. In the transepts and east end, there were many interesting and admirable things; four rose windows in full bloom, four small apsed chapels, a *maître autel*, or High Altar, with a crucifix. But there was no focus of architectural effect. Mindful of the magical simplicity of Westminster, I could not but feel disappointment. The altar was not set high enough, its lines were lost. It

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neither stood clear, nor formed part of the east-end. I realized at once the value in an apsed church, of a true baldachino.

After awhile, nothing else in the great church seemed to atone for this omission. The sun had set, the color vanished, and the moon-cold walls went blind. I turned eastwards, searching. Gradually in thought, in the obscurity around me, that other church took shape. The great arches remained but they grew broader and simpler. The heaving Atlas ribs were gone: instead of them, four gray domes rested above me, poised and peaceful, and multitudinous lines of smoky London brick ran off into a gigantic perspective. My eyes recognized great shapes, but turned always eastward. There, under a heaven of its own, stood the great altar I was seeking. All was dark behind and around it, but light was inherent in it. It had a diadem of pale windows and eight columns of sunshine. In it the design of the whole church consummated and ceased.

. . . . . .

Now, after the lapse of years — few in number, but fierce in events — the Fates that gave me the interlude and the dream have also restored to me the continuity and the substance. Now I can go often to Westminster, but I can never dissociate it from the church of S. Pierre at Merville. I stand on the huge floor, under the four domes, and the walls of smoky London brick surround me. From beyond the sun-columned baldachino a chant rises, and in a gentle crescendo fills the church. The sound is as the music of a requiem to the souls of fallen buildings. Now Westminster is the reality and S. Pierre is the vision, taking shape around me in the obscurity.

But what a vision! The jeweled lights have gone, the moon-cold walls are blind indeed — blind and disfigured — and the wind blows through them. The tower that once lured me across a summer landscape has fallen. Of the Atlas ribs, scarce one now stretches out an arm across a gulf. The great nave is a ruin, yet magnificent. But, turning eastward, I am struck by a new aspect. The apse behind the High Altar has in it a great cleft. Altar and crucifix stand free, dominating the wreck and outlined against the east. It was such an altar I had once sought in vain. Above, it has for baldachino the night sky, and its diadem is a diadem of stars. Beyond the broken arch of the crossing on that altar and under those stars, the design of S. Pierre consummated and ceased.

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

THE FRENCH RAILROAD CRISIS

In normal times one fifth of the locomotives require repairing in the course of a year; at present more than half are out of repair. During the war private firms have been able to supply only a very small proportion of the rolling-stock required, and some of the companies have established private workshops for the execution of their contracts. For instance, a Parisian company has erected a workshop near Nantes which will supply the Etat line with 100 locomotives annually. Such enterprises, in conjunction with the return of skilled workmen, will make it easier to cope with the work. Six hundred American locomotives have yet to arrive in France, and, before December, 1920, French workshops are to turn out a thousand engines for the companies or the Board of Public Works, so that by that time the crisis will be at an end, but no considerable improvement can be recorded before some months have passed.

Better results were gained by appealing to private firms for repairs to trucks, because the work does not require such extensive installations of plant. And it is to be hoped that this activity will be maintained in the future, because even if there is at present no scarcity of rolling-stock, the railways will have to reckon with an increase in traffic when normal conditions return. Passenger carriages, on the other hand, are in a very bad condition. Windows, doors, and cushions in particular, require renovating. In 1917 one of the main lines of the interior required 17 hectares of glass as against 3 hectares in normal times. The work of repairing is difficult, as it requires much space, numerous staff, and materials which are now so scarce, such as wool, horsehair, cloth, etc. Added to this, the number of carriages has been reduced considerably since 1914. Thus it would be difficult to reëstablish a normal passenger service. Even at present the service is inadequate to the traffic. One British trans-Atlantic line has booked 60,000 passengers from America to France for the summer. Every available carriage will have to be utilized, and hasty repairs will have to suffice.

The quality of the fuel is as important a question as ever. Some lines have increased the manufacture of briquettes in order to relieve the situation. The railways ought to be supplied, as in prewar days, from mines of coal especially suited to the work. The measures taken by the Ministry of Reconstruction toward this end can, unfortunately, have no effect for some months.

British coal supplies are just as unsatisfactory. The quantity being often inadequate, the transport services inefficient, and British labor troubles giving cause for anxiety.

The staff difficulty was eventually relieved by the engagement of volunteers for railway work, but there is a general feeling of weariness after the strain of the war, and the number of employees is not always sufficient for the work, and the scarcity of higher officials can only be remedied as engineers are demobilized. The railwaymen's demands will require calm consideration. Concessions already

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made to the employees cost one important line 100,000,000 francs in 1918 alone.

The traffic of the railways has approached the normal. Military goods trains now demand only 30 per cent of the available trucks as against 70 per cent during last year. Military priority of transport is reduced to a minimum. Other traffic, such as goods for the reconstruction of the liberated regions, and the distribution of food supplies throughout the country, come before ordinary commercial transport. In view of the impossibility of meeting all demands made upon the railways, some control must be maintained, and there can be no question of their being fully utilized for commerce until normal conditions are regained.

The congestion of traffic which has lately caused such anxiety — particularly in the Paris district — is due to labor and cartage difficulties which delay the work of unloading trucks. The labor question seems easily solved. The return of army horses to the interior ought to alleviate the cartage trouble. The situation is, however, improving already. The number of trucks loaded each day has increased by 5,000 within the last month, and 60,000 tons of coal lying at the pitheads in the north have been dispatched within a week. Passenger traffic is a more difficult problem than goods, but the latter, being more important, will receive first attention. It is essential that, by autumn, the railways should be able to cope with all traffic in connection with harvest time.

Le Temps

SOLDIER COLONIES IN GREAT BRITAIN

Most far-reaching changes begin in a non-clamant and unobtrusive way, and are often well advanced before many people know they have started. This is true of the movement for the re-colonization of our shires and villages which has made a good experimental start in different parts of the country. The Board of Agriculture has acquired for this purpose about 6,000 acres, divided into four 'colonies' at Patrington in Yorkshire, Holbeach in Lincolnshire, Heath Hill in Shropshire, and Pembrey, on the coast of Carmarthenshire. The first two, which are most advanced, represent the two main types of colony to be established. Patrington, an estate of 2,363 acres, will be run as a single great industrialized farm, the profits of which will be shared by those who do the work, while Holbeach is to be a group of distinct small holdings of ten acres each organized on a coöperative basis.

Patrington is an old English village with a beautiful and stately church, St. Patrick's, situated about sixteen miles east of Hull, not far from Ravenspur, where Henry of Bolingbroke landed to claim the Crown of England. The government's estate, known as the Crown Colony, lies three or four miles further south, nearer the Humber, on 'warpe land,' that is, land reclaimed from the sea. Walking toward the colony we pass the hamlet of Patrington Haven, once a port for sea-going vessels, but now separated from the salt water by a wide stretch of extremely rich alluvial soil bounded by the Humber bank. Going along the very straight road southward, one sees the Grimsby dock tower and groves of trees and chimneys on the other side of the Humber, but the waters of the Humber are themselves invisible. Big vessels pass slowly along the horizon line up and down the unseen estuary, suggesting that the land, known as 'sunk island,' is actually below the sea-level. But on a fine spring morning, when the sparrow-

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hawk is hovering over the fields and the skylark soaring into the blue, it is not at all a depressing or dolorous land.

The colony itself is easily distinguished by the identical pairs of red-roofed and red-walled cottages built for the settlers, each to be furnished in time with half an acre of land for the worker's private cultivation and use. The deep alluvial soil here is better suited for heavy crops of corn and beans than for fruit and market gardening, which are the staples of the small holding of ten acres. Hence the profit-sharing system and the policy of working the 'Crown Colony' as a single big farm. The central homestead is a typical English farm, a home of ancient peace, suggestive of plenty and prosperity. Especially worth a visit on a quiet Sunday morning are the sixteen mighty Shire horses, at rest after their weekly toil, one of which hangs a lazy head into the court over the half-door of his stable.

A man and his family can earn a fair and healthy livelihood in the Patrington colony. The current rate of wages is now 35*s*. a week, and there is often a pension added to this. The little home with its parlor, kitchen, scullery, and three bedrooms, he gets for three shillings a week, and the half-acre garden should be a growingly valuable asset. Patrington, of course, is not Piccadilly, and the settler's life must needs be one of hard work and quiet recreation. I believe that after a period of probation the settler will be allowed even here to obtain a separate small holding of his own.

From Patrington to Holbeach, a little market town in South Lincolnshire, not far from the Wash, is a journey long in time rather than distance. Holbeach, with its broad streets, its great parish church, and its slow-moving life, is very English. During the dark days of the war it has thriven largely on potato cultivation, to which the soil is particularly congenial. The colony lies a walk of two or three miles away, along a quiet country road. Here again are the pairs of red cottages, like little boxes dropped on the face of the rather bare landscape. Holbeach is an object lesson in colonization on the most approved and technical plan. It consists of about 1,000 acres, 200 of which are reserved as a central demonstration farm, round which the eighty ten-acre holdings will be grouped. From this central farm the colonists will get implements, seeds, fertilizers, everything they require on coöperative terms, and I must not forget to add that they will also get free expert advice on the working of their holdings from the *agronome* or director. The centre will also undertake the distribution of their produce on the most advantageous terms. Vegetables and fruit will be the staples of production, which should find a steady market in the Midland towns and in London.

Such a settlement is a little world in itself. It is rooted and grounded in coöperation and will be provided at the centre with church, school, recreation room, athletic clubs, and all other resources for recreation and amusement. Settlers on such a colony should not pine for the gayety and glitter of the town. There should be little of that deadly dullness which has frozen out so many small cultivators who were planted on the casual and unscientific methods that had hitherto prevailed. And as the numbers and prosperity of the settlement increase its social life will grow continuously more satisfying and attractive.

Such are two representative settlements now being developed by the Board of Agriculture. There is plenty of land available for other experiments

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of the same kind, and the Board has power to acquire 60,000 acres in all. The movement is to be encouraged on every ground, not least because it makes for intensive cultivation and the maximum production of food within our own islands. The schemes are capable of large variation, and no doubt in some settlements larger holdings may be allotted. I was talking the other day with Mr. Christopher Turnor, one of the ablest and most enlightened of our great landowners. His description of what a small holder of twenty-seven acres of arable land has effected on an estate of his sounds almost like a fairy tale. This holder has cleared over £250 a year after all his expenses were paid. Our English land is capable of a vastly increased production, not only of food but of social welfare and happiness. One can only hope that another experiment — that of beet-sugar growing near Newark — will prove a success. Nothing in the world will so contribute to the revival of English agriculture as a thriving sugar industry. The danger is that we may forget the lessons of the war and fall back into our old wasteful ways and our over-dependence for elementary articles of food upon the oversea producers.

The Observer

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TALK OF EUROPE

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

THE *Deutsche Zeitung* publishes a number of letters illustrating the attitude of the ex-Kaiser and the ex-Crown Prince during the fateful November days of last year. The first is an autograph letter from the ex-Kaiser to the ex-Crown Prince, dated November 9, which runs:

My dear Boy: After the Court Chamberlain had informed me that he could no longer guarantee my safety at German Main Headquarters, and that the troops also were no longer trustworthy, I have resolved, after a severe mental struggle, to leave the army, which has collapsed, and to go to Holland. I advise you to stick to your post until the conclusion of the armistice. In Berlin two governments, under the leadership of Ebert and Liebknecht, are fighting against each other. I hope to see you again in happier times.—Your faithful and deeply afflicted father,

Wilhelm.

The Crown Prince, on the receipt of this letter, addressed the following to the then Imperial Chancellor, Herr Ebert, on November 11:

The Crown Prince urgently desires to remain at his post to do his duty like every other soldier. He will bring his army back home in a well-disciplined and orderly manner, and undertakes to do nothing whatever at this juncture against the present Government. What is the Government's attitude to this matter?

The next day the following answer arrived:

After hearing the Minister for War, Major-General von Scheuch, the Government must give its refusal to the request of the Crown Prince.

The Crown Prince, accordingly, decided to lay down the chief command, which he did by the following letter to Marshal von Hindenburg:

Highly-honored Field-Marshal: In these most grievous days of our life, both for my father and for myself, I, too, must say good-bye to Your Excellency. With deep emotion I have been obliged to decide to make use of the authority granted me by Your Excellency to lay down my post as Chief Commander and to take up my residence in the first instance in a neutral country. I have only been able to force myself to this step after hard internal struggles, as it is repugnant to my whole nature not to be able to lead my brave troops home. I desire, however, at this hour once again briefly to explain my attitude.

Contrary to many unjust opinions which have always tried to represent me as a war instigator and a reactionary, I have from the beginning adopted the standpoint that this war was for us a war of defense. Again and again during 1916, 1917, and 1918 I made both oral and written representations to the persons concerned that Germany must endeavor by every means in her power to terminate the war and be glad at maintaining herself against the entire world on the basis of the *status quo*. In many conversations with General Ludendorff I for a long time pleaded for a wise peace by understanding, and expressed the view that the most favorable opportunity for attaining this end was reached when we occupied strong, powerful positions before and also during the Spring offensive.

As regards internal politics I am the last person to oppose the liberal development of our Constitution. Only a few days ago I set forth this view in writing to Prince Max of Baden. Nevertheless, when the weight of events hurled my father from his throne I was not only not heard, but was simply passed over as Crown Prince and as heir to the throne. No renunciation was either demanded from or made by me. Notwithstanding these facts my standpoint was to persevere at my post, and my idea was, by holding my army group together, to avoid

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further causes of damage and disintegration for our Fatherland. The attitude of the present Government, however, was authoritative as to my remaining further at my military post. I had been informed by it that the Government did not count upon further military employment for me.

Your Excellency will kindly also note that copies of this letter have been sent to the Minister of the Royal House, the Prussian Ministry, the Vice-Presidents of the Lower House, the President of the Upper House, the Chief of the Military Cabinet, and some friends of mine among the military leaders.

A PRESS BUREAU COMEDY

AN amusing incident in the annals of the Press Bureau is revealed by the *Sunday Times* now that the Bureau is nearing its end. The story, as told by the journal, is as follows:

The incident began with the publication of an advertisement in the *Sunday Times* of July 28 last, which commenced as follows:

A Downpour!

'Rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain — the rain it raineth every day — from Sunday morn to Saturday night — with just a glimmer of sunshine flicked in here and there to show there's no ill-feeling — allotment holders all happy with fine crops of carrots, onions, cabbages, and peas, but L.G.O. drivers hitching their capes up to their chins and the Specials wondering why in the name of St. Swithin and all that's holy they ever took the job on. . . .'

Four days later the following letter was received from the Official Press Bureau:

'On the front page of the *Sunday Times* of July 28 there appears an advertisement headed "A Downpour!" which constitutes a serious breach of the instructions issued to the press in regard to weather reports. We shall be glad to receive an explanation of how you came to publish this advertisement.'

To this the editor replied as follows:

'Is your letter to be taken *au serieux?* We cannot understand how the advertisement in question can be regarded as being an informative statement of the weather position and, therefore, as a breach of the instructions on the subject. Perhaps you will lighten our darkness.'

Mandarins do not like to have fun poked at them, and the Bureau promptly replied as follows:

'In reply to your letter of yesterday, our letter of the 1st August was certainly intended to be taken seriously, and we do not understand your inquiry. An advertisement which states that it has been raining from Sunday morning till Saturday night, which is headed "A Downpour!" in large letters, and which is followed by the word "Rain" repeated seven times, is as serious a breach of the instructions issued to the press in regard to weather reports as can be imagined, and we still await your explanation.'

The editor decided to await the consequences, but nothing more was heard of the matter.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S 'JUDITH'

WE can usually guess what points in a story will appeal to a romantic writer; we are never so certain what will strike a realist in a theme which is new to him. That is what makes Mr. Bennett's choice of the story of Judith and of Holofernes so extremely interesting. There were two possibilities open to him. On the one hand he could modernize the story in the manner of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and on the other hand he could attempt to reconstruct a barbarous and magnificent past in the manner of a Flaubert. As a matter of fact he has steered between these two alternatives.

The heart of the story being essentially the passion of patriotism, there are now and again passages which give an equivocal glance at the present moment and the emotions which we have all been through. The most original part of his rendering of the story is the creation of the character Ozias, played by Mr. Campbell Gullan. In the Apocryphal story the idea which the reader gets of Ozias is of an agitated and rather cringing priest who is only too ready to surrender the city to the hosts of Holofernes. Mr. Arnold Bennett has filled out this character with an imaginative ingen-

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uity, so that he becomes as important a figure in the play as Judith herself. He is the type of self-seeking statesman with a great gift of rhetoric and spontaneous courage which enables him to control a population who are in danger every moment of losing completely their *moral* — a man of extreme ingenuity in thinking of the readiest device for tiding over a popular crisis.

When the play opens the little mountain city of Bethulia is completely surrounded, and the inhabitants are almost dying of thirst. Ozias persuades them to hold out a few more days on the chance that the Lord of Hosts will come to their rescue. Meanwhile, he is prepared to allow the inhabitants to drink of the sacred wine, which their religion permits only the priests to touch. Judith overhears him haranguing the mob, and she determines to save her people from this violation of their religion. The scene between Judith and Holofernes followed exactly the Apocryphal story. Mr. Bennett has succeeded in supplying a diction to his characters which does not clash with the Biblical English, which he frequently uses, and some of the speeches he actually quotes. The subtle magnificence of the costumes and scenery in that act, designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts, is extraordinarily impressive, and Miss Lillah McCarthy's gestures and elocution were sufficient to keep even this grandeur in its place. The figure of Bazoas, the chief eunuch (Mr. Ernest Thesiger), was sinister, corrupt, and convincing. Holofernes (Mr. Claude King) is a blunt and stupid soldier. but Mr. Bennett puts in his mouth sufficient Eastern intensity of passion to harmonize him with the essentially Oriental spirit of these scenes.

In the last act we see Judith and her maid returning to the city of Bethulia with the head of Holofernes. But Ozias in a measure succeeds in getting credit for her exploit. He is, by the by, a passionate adorer of Judith, and pleads that his real reason for representing himself as the savior of the city is that he, as a man, can gain a position which will make her, as his wife, the greatest woman in Israel. But she will have none of him She has seen what sort of a great man he really is, his tricky, emotional dishonesty, and chooses instead as her lover a young Assyrian who had escaped.

Although it seems rather comical to end a tragic story with a happy marriage, this impression is corrected by the last speech of Judith, when she tells Ozias to pursue his own ideas of greatness as he will, but that she will live in humility and retirement in her own house.

Mr. Bennett has put into this play a good deal more imagination than he has done in his previous plays. These strike one as being on the same level as those of his novels such as *The Card*, but *Judith* is not by any means up to the level of his really fine novels, such as *Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale*. As might be expected, he tells the story extremely well. The comic relief — there is very little of it — is not up to the quality of the serious passages. The fun which is provided by Judith's maid and the Assyrian whom she captivates is, indeed, rather cheap. The most moving passages are those in which Judith expresses the religious passion which actuates her. The diction all through is on a fine, high level and naturalness of dignity.

The Devonshire Park Theatre was crowded, and the play was very well received. Mr. Bennett has handled the story simply as a story, without taking as his principle the creation of an atmosphere of archaic barbarism and without making any point of modernizing the characters and emotions in the story. He has treated the Apocrypha much as the French dramatists of the seventeenth century treated the Greek stories — that is to say, in a way that is neither archaic nor modern.

A DEFENSE OF ADMIRAL KOLCHAK

To the Editor of the New Statesman:

Sir: I notice that, both in your editorial notes and in the article on Russia in your current issue, reference is made to Admiral Kolchak and his forces as 'counter-revolutionary.' I suggest to you that there is no foundation for this charge except in Bolshevik propaganda. Admiral Kolchak, as you know, was the young and brilliant officer who carried the Black Sea fleet through the outbreak of the revolution in March, 1917,

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without any disorder, by his immediate recognition of the sailors' committees. Later in the year he was, according to the press, offered an important command in the American Navy. When last autumn he became head of the Omsk Government and its affiliated groups, he declared that he would not 'enter upon the disastrous path of reaction,' but would hold his office only until the constitution of a Constituent Assembly which would freely choose the future form of government for Russia. Admiral Kolchak's Ministry is composed at present half of Socialists — hardly a likely thing if he were indeed a monarchist reactionary. It is in every sense a Coalition Ministry, and undoubtedly has representatives of all classes, parties, and opinions behind it.

Your correspondent — I am sorry he remains anonymous — tells us that 'Lenine is well known to be prepared for compromise,' and gives details of what profess to be the measures Lenine is prepared to concede, *e.g.*, the inclusion of Socialist revolutionaries and probably 'the bourgeois Left' in the government. It is unfortunate that few people in England are acquainted with the Bolshevik leaders' opinions, as expressed at all times in their speeches and newspapers. Your readers should know that your correspondent's statement is directly opposed to the position the Bolsheviki have always taken up in their public speeches and articles, *i.e.*, no compromise with the 'Socialist-traitors' and 'their inspirers, the bourgeois Kadets.' — Yours, etc.,

C. E. Bechhofn.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN

THE Clerical *Corriere d'Italia* publishes an account of an interview with the Bishop of Orleans on the relations between the Vatican and France. The Bishop, after expressing the desire of the French for a resumption of those relations which were interrupted in 1904, remarked that on the French side the only obstacles were the fear of the politicians lest they should be considered religious by reëstablishing relations with the head of a religious organization; reluctance to admit that they were wrong fifteen years ago; and electoral misgivings. The Bishop emphasized the identity of interests of France and the Vatican, and quoted the phrase of Cardinal Gasparri, 'We need a strong France.' The interview, coupled with the Pope's recent speech, emphasizes the fact, well known here, that in the last fortnight the Vatican and France have come closer together. Nevertheless, the Vatican does not want French protection for its foreign missions, preferring the British system of equal tolerance for all religions, which Cardinal Bourne patriotically pointed out in his Egyptian speech.

An article, printed in *La Croix*, and reproduced in the Clerical Press here, attacking the British for their treatment of certain Roman Catholic interests in Palestine, is as untrue as it is tendencious. Fortunately, the Vatican is well aware of the thanks due to our energetic Legation to the Holy Land, but the growing and now almost daily practice of publishing attacks on England in the Italian press which I have intentionally refrained from quoting so as not to create bad blood, is slowly forming an unfavorable tendency which is much to be regretted, and which may react on Italian interests.

THE STATUES RETURN

ONE after another the memorials of London are coming out of the darkness into which they were cast by the air-raiding Hun. The statue of James II has returned to its pedestal behind the Admiralty, where it ought to have been replaced on the very day that the German Fleet surrendered to Sir David Beatty, for James was a Lord High Admiral, and something more than a figurehead at the trade of seamanship. James's Royal father, Charles I, is peeping out from the £450 shelter which a benevolent Office of Works placed over his head, and by Peace Day he may be altogether unshrouded. Another memorial which has come into the light is that of Lord Shaftesbury in Piccadilly Circus, and the little figure shooting the arrow into the ground is once more watching over the flower-girls below. How many Londoners know that the figure is a modern rebus, illustrative of the good Earl's name — 'Shaftes' — 'bury'?

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THE RESURRECTION OF LOUVAIN

WORK for the reconstruction of the Library of Louvain University, which was inaugurated in December, 1914, continues to go on with gratifying spirit and success. It has been undertaken and is being pressed forward because of the urgent need of a library for the students of the University, and not to relieve Germany of her obligation to make reparation for her vandalism in the destruction of the Library. As we long ago pointed out, between 250,000 and 300,000 volumes of printed books and nearly 1,000 manuscripts were totally destroyed when the Germans set fire to the Library on August 25, 1914. Among these were some eight hundred incunabula, the Bull of Pope Martin V founding the University, an autograph volume of sermons of Thomas à Kempis, Professor Delannoy's nearly completed catalogue, and a collection of Bibles considered to be unique. It will be remembered that the scheme for the reconstruction of the Library originated with the generous initiative of the Governors of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, who decided not only to offer a gift of the duplicates in their possession, but to receive and store such books as other libraries and private individuals might be willing to contribute. From an article in the current issue of the *Bulletin* of the Library, we learn that as a result of the appeal made by the Governors the trustees of several other libraries and other bodies have given their coöperation — the Classical Association, the Victoria University, Manchester, the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Signet Library, the National Library of Wales, and the Universities of Aberdeen, Cambridge, and Durham. Altogether some 14,000 volumes have been received and registered from two hundred and eighty individuals and institutions, and promises of further help are received almost daily. It is, therefore, hoped that a nucleus of 20,000 volumes will eventually be forthcoming which should form a very substantial beginning for the reconstituted Library.

ROMAIN ROLLAND'S GALLIC MOOD

ADMIRERS of M. Rolland's other works will be surprised by his latest book. Colas Breugnon is not a Beethoven, nor a Michel Angelo, not a Jean-Christophe. He is no genius, laboring, suffering, and creating; no hero to re-inspire by his example a world grown stagnant. Colas Breugnon is none of these things. He is one of the companions of Pantagruel, a lover of song and laughter, a deep drinker, a great devourer of tripe and black pudding and of those Rabelaisian *andouilles* which the dictionaries translate, incomprehensibly enough, as 'chitterlings.' In his laughing philosophy, in his shrewdness, in his love of the soil and of wine, the soil's blood, he is one of those great Gallic figures who march immortally and triumphantly down the history of French literature. Rabelais, Balzac, Anatole France (to take only three of the great names) have each of them portrayed with zest and appreciative sympathy this Gallic type. And now M. Rolland adds his picture of Colas Breugnon to the gallery.

In his preface M. Rolland gives us an account of the genesis of this book. It is the fruit of his reaction against the constraint of Jean-Christophe. '*J'ai senti un besoin invincible de libre gaieté gauloise, oui, jusqu'a l'irrévérence.*' A visit to his native Burgundy (this was long ago before the war, woke the old hereditary Pantagruelian Breugnons in his blood; they bade him put aside all other thoughts and write of them; and write he did, '*sous la dictée*,' as he puts it. We may be permitted to doubt whether these Gallic ancestors were wise in choosing M. Rolland to be their interpreter. His whole genius and temperament is too profoundly different, or so it seems to us, from the Breugnon genius and temper. M. Rolland is a spiritual water-drinker; Breugnon is full of wine and haggis. M. Rolland has communed with the heroes who do and suffer and are great 'But we in Burgundy,' says Breugnon, '*nous ne sommes pas des héros de roman. Nous vivons: nous vivons.* M. Rolland in this volume paints the glories of sheer living. But somehow we have a feeling all the time that he does not find living enough; that this praise of joyous laughter and wine and tripe is not whole-hearted, and that his real place is among the more tragic aspects of human nature. We are not charmed and

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seduced by M. Rolland on the delights of life as we are by Anatole France, or, to quote a lesser name, by Louis Codet in *César Capéran*. Still in spite of everything, M. Rolland has given us a very pleasant presentment of that philosophy which is as old as Adam: Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.

The book is made up of extracts from the journal of Colas Breugnon, a citizen of Clamecy, in Burgundy — extracts that cover a year of his life in the early seventeenth century. He lives in troubled times; the wars of religion go trampling with iron feet over the fields and vineyards. To Breugnon the fighting seems not merely deplorable, but incredibly stupid too. After all, he argues, we are Burgundians before we are Christians, human beings before we are Catholics or Huguenots. Misfortunes crowd thick upon him; the plague comes within an ace of putting an end to him; no sooner has he recovered than his house is burned and all his worldly possessions destroyed; last, he himself is reduced to impotence by a broken leg. But it is not to religion that he goes for consolation; he finds a cure for all evils in laughter and good humor and wine. He may be depressed, he may despair; but something always happens that is really irresistibly amusing, and in a flash of laughter he sees that after all the world is very well worth living in, and that life in itself and for itself is a thing of priceless value. That is what Breugnon has to teach; and who teaches better?

M. Rolland makes his hero write in a dubiously seventeenth-century prose, full of jingles and alliterations and plays upon words. One rather trying feature of the style is the frequency with which it relapses into verse rhythms. There must be, literally, thousands of Alexandrines and octosyllables in the book. Here is a passage selected almost at hazard; we have done nothing but divide it up into lines:

Toujours suivant les uns, le conseil décida
D'y joindre, pour leur bec, quelques friands gâteaux,
Orgueil de la cité, de gros biscuits glacés,
Notre spécialité. Mon gendre, pâtissier,
Florimond Ravisé, en fit mettre trois douzaines.

The lines are classical in their observation of the caesura rule! M. Rolland has never paid much attention to the technical perfection of style; but this abandonment of 'that other harmony' is the complete destruction of prose.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

The *Daily Telegraph* of London, speaking of **Signor Arnaldo Apolla,** writes that he is the only correspondent who has made a study of the war against the Bolsheviki and has visited the various national expeditions.

* * *

Robert Graves, author of *Sospan Fach* (*The Little Saucepan*), is himself a Welshman. Many readers will recall him as the author of *Fairies and Fusileers*.

H. H. Bashford is a physician and a man of letters. He is the author of *A Corner of Harley Street* and *Vagabonds in Perigord*.

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M. H. Spielmann, banker, art critic, and publicist is well known through his contributions to the great British Reviews.

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Frank Fox, journalist and author, is on the staff of the *Morning Post*.

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A DREAMER'S THOUGHTS

BY ALLAN COOPER

O give me dreams, dreams of the waking mind;
And should those dreams prove vain, they are not loss:
For lives live more in dreaming thoughts, divined
In subtle ether, than in deeds which gloss
The moment with their seeming show of might.
A deed will pass; its short-lived day will run
Its course and die with fall of early night.
But dreams live on and, like the glorious sun
Refulgent in its never-ending glow,
With wingèd light irradiate the hour
Whose birth has yet to come; by dreams we know
That life is thought, that thought is life and power.
O give me dreams; for dreams outlive all time;
And dreams are one with all that is sublime.

The Poetry Review

SONG

BY SUSAN MILES

In the earliest, tenderest spring of the year,
Pale brown are the larches,
Dabbled, here and there,
With gold, pale gold, pure gold.

O lovely larches! O most exquisite host!
Is it spring's birth you show us?
Autumn's ghost,
Weak, wild, wan, cold?

Eyes of my loved one, eyes wet and forlorn,
Does grief's wraith stir in you?
Or joy new born,
Her secrets still untold?

The New Witness

THE STRIKING HOURS

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

My brother, can the heart of ocean say
When winds may woo her bosom; when the ships,
Or sudden galleon of an azure day,
Shall fling her foam to rainbows? Can eclipse
Hide up their silver when the full moons will?
Are the cloud-cisterns of the latter rain
At beck of every summer-starven rill?
Life cannot call the time; nor man may feign
That he shall haply choose when he would have:
To will the striking hours he is not free,
That chime between his cradle and his grave,
Or speed, or slow the hands of destiny.

A bunch of stars upon the vine of heaven
Grows ripe and falls and passes when complete;
The galaxy of grapes to your mouth given,
Bursting their bloomy chalices, are sweet
One little moment; for they will not stay
Your pleasure and their consummation hold
While you misdoubt and linger and delay
Before their cups of purple and of gold.
When to a feast the gods would make you free
At their own time, or never, shall it be.

and and Water

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